

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER VII.

THE "WHO'D HA' THOWT IT?"

"It's th' queerest thing i' th' world," said Mrs. Briarley to her neighbours, in speaking of her visitor,— "It's th' queerest thing i' th' world as he should be a workin' mon. I should ha' thowt he'd ha' wanted to get behind th' counter i' a draper's shop or summat genteel. He'd be a well-lookin' young chap i' a shiny cloth coat an' wi' a blue necktie on. Seems loike he does na think enow o' hissen. He'll coom to our house an' set down an' listen to our Janey talkin', an' tell her things out o' books, as simple as if he thowt it wur nowt but what ony chap could do. Theer's wheer he's a bit soft. He knows nowt o' settin' hissen up."

From Mrs. Briarley Murdoch heard numberless stories of Haworth, presenting him in a somewhat startling light.

"Eh, but he's a rare un, is Haworth," said the good woman. "He does na care fur mon nor devil. Th' carryin's on as he has up at th' big house ud mak' a decent body's hair stond o' eend. Afore he built th' house, he used to go to Lunnon an' Manchester fur his sprees; but he has 'em here now, an' theer's drink an' riotin' an' finery an' foak, as owt to be shamt o' theirsens. I wonder he is na feart to stay in th' place alone after they're gone."

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But for one reason or another the house was quiet enough for the first six months of Murdoch's acquaintance with its master. Haworth gave himself up to the management of the Works. He perfected plans he had laid at a time when the power had not been in his own hands. He kept his eye on his own interests sharply. The most confirmed shirkers in the place found themselves obliged to fall to work, however reluctantly. His bold strokes of business enterprise began to give him wide reputation. In the lapse of its first half-year, "Haworth's" gained for itself a name.

At the end of this time, Murdoch arrived at the Works one morning to find a general tone of conviviality reigning. A devil-may-care air showed itself among all the graceless. There was a hint of demoralization in the very atmosphere.

"Where's Haworth?" he asked Floxham, who did not seem to share the general hilarity. "I've not seen him."

"No," was the engineer's answer; "nor tha will na see him yet a bit. A lot o' foo's coom fro' Lunnon last neet. He's on one o' his sprees, an' a noice doment they'll ha' on it afore they're done!"

The next morning Haworth dashed down to the Works early in his gig, and spent a short time in his room. Before he left he went to the engine-room and spoke to Murdoch.

"Is there aught you want from the house—aught in the way o' books, I mean?" he said, with a touch of rough bravado in his manner.

"No," Murdoch answered.

"All right," he returned. "Then keep away, lad, for a day or two."

During the "day or two," Broxton existed in a state of ferment. Gradually an air of disreputable festivity began to manifest itself among all those whose virtue was assailable. There were open "sprees" among those, and their wives, with the inevitable baby in their arms, stood upon their door-steps bewailing their fate, and retailing gossip with no slight zest.

"Silks an' satins, bless yo'," they said. "An' paint an' feathers; th' brazen things. I wonder they are na shamt to show their faces! A noice mester Haworth is to ha' men under him."

Having occasion to go out late one evening, Murdoch encountered Janey, clad in the big bonnet and shawl, and hurrying along the street.

"Where am I goin'?" she echoed sharply in reply to his query. "Why, I'm goin' round to th' public to look fur feyther—theer's wheer I'm goin'. I hannot seed him sin' dayleet this mornin'; an' he's gotten th' rent an' th' buryin'-club money wi' him."

"I'll go with you," said Murdoch.

He went with her, making the round of half the public-houses in the village, finally ending at a jovial establishment bearing upon its whitened window the ambiguous title, "Who'd HA' THOWT IT?"

There was a sound of argument accompanied by a fiddle, and an odour of beer supplemented by tobacco. Janey pushed open the door and made her way in, followed by her companion.

An uncleanly, loud-voiced fellow, stood unsteadily at a table, flourishing a clay-pipe and making a speech.

"Th' workin' mon," he said. "There's too much talk o' th' workin' mon. Is na it bad enow to be a workin' mon, wi'out havin' th' gentry remindin' yo'

on it fro' year eend to year eend? Le's ha' less jaw-work an' more paw-work fro' th' gentry. Le's ha' fewer loiberys an' athyneums, an' more wage—an' holidays—an'an' beer. Le's progress—tha's wha' I say—an' I'm a workin' mon."

"Ee—er—ee—er!" cried the chorus.

"Ee—er!"

In the midst of the pause following these acclamations, a voice broke in suddenly with startling loudness—"Ee—er! Ee—er!" it said.

It was Mr. Briarley, who had unexpectedly awakened from a beery nap, and, though much surprised to find out where he was, felt called upon to express his approbation.

Janey hitched her shawl into a manageable length and approached him.

"Tha'rt here?" she said. "I knowed tha would be! Tha'lt worrit th' loife out on us afore tha'rt done. Coom on home wi' me afore tha'rt spent ivvery ha'penny we've gotten."

Mr. Briarley roused himself so far as to smile at her blandly.

"It's Zhaney," he said, "it's Zhaney. Don' intrup th' meetin', Zhaney. I'll be home dreckly. Mus' na intrup th' workin' mon. He's th' backbone 'n' sinoo o' th' country. Le's ha' a sup more beer."

Murdoch bent over and touched his shoulder.

"You had better come home," he said.

The man looked round at him blankly, but the next moment an exaggerated expression of enlightenment showed itself on his face.

"Iss th' 'Merican," he said. "Iss Murdoch." And then, with sudden bibulous delight: "Gi' us a speech 'bout 'Merica."

In a moment there was a clamour all over the room. The last words had been spoken loudly enough to be heard, and the idea presented itself to the members of the assembly as a happy one.

"Ay," they cried. "Le's ha' a speech fro' th' 'Merican. Le's hear

summat fro' 'Merica. Theer's wheer th' laborin' mon has his dues."

Murdoch turned about and faced the company.

"You all know enough of me to know whether I am a speech-making man or not," he said. "I have nothing to say about America, and if I had I should not say it here. You are not doing yourselves any good. The least fellow among you has brains enough to tell him that."

There was at once a new clamour—this time one of dissatisfaction. The speech-maker with the long clay, who was plainly the leader, expressed himself with heat and scorn.

"He's a noice chap—he is," he cried. "He'll ha' nowt to do wi' us. He's th' soart o' workin' mon to ha' aboot, to play th' pianny an' do paintin' i' velvet. 'Merica be danged! He's more o' th' gentry koin'd to-day than Haworth. Haworth *does* tak' a decent spree now an' then; but this heer un— Ax him to tak' a glass o' beer an' see what he'll say."

Disgust was written upon every countenance, but no one proffered the hospitality mentioned. Mr. Briarley had fallen asleep again, murmuring suggestively, "Ay, he's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Le's go to 'Merica. Pu-r on thy bonnet, lass, pur—it on."

With her companion's assistance, Janey got him out of the place and led him home.

"Haaf th' rent's gone," she said, when she turned out his pockets, as he sat by the fire. "An' wheer's th' buryin' money to coom fro'?"

Mr. Briarley shook his head mournfully.

"Th' buryin' money," he said. "Ay, i'deed. A noice thing it is fur a poor chap to ha' to cut off his beer to pay fur his coffin by th' week. Wastin' good brass on summat he may nivver need as long as he lives. I dunnot loike th' thowt on it, eyther. It's bad enow to ha' to get into th' thing at th' eend, wi'out ha'in' it lugged up at th' door ivvery Saturday, an' payin' fur th' ornymentin' on it by inches."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. FFRENCH.

It was a week before affairs assumed their accustomed aspect. Not that the Works had been neglected, however. Each morning Haworth had driven down early and spent an hour in his office and about the place, reading letters, issuing orders and keeping a keen look-out generally.

"I'll have no spreeing here among *you* chaps," he announced. "Spree as much as you like when th' work's done, but you don't spree in *my* time. Look sharp after 'em, Kendal."

The day after his guests left him he appeared at his usual time, and sent at once for Murdoch.

On his arriving he greeted him, leaning back in his chair, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Well, lad," he said, "it's over."

Almost unconsciously, Murdoch thrust his hands into *his* pockets also, but the action had rather a reflective than a defiant expression.

"It's lasted a pretty long time, hasn't it?" he remarked.

Haworth answered him with a laugh.

"Egad! You take it cool enough," he said.

Suddenly he got up and began to walk about, his air a mixture of excitement and braggadocio. After a turn or two he wheeled about.

"Why don't you say summat?" he demanded, sardonically. "Summat moral. You don't mean to tell me you've not got pluck enow?"

"I don't see," said Murdoch, deliberately,—*"I don't see that there's anything to say. Do you?"*

The man stared at him, reddening. Then he turned about and flung himself into his chair again.

"No," he answered. "By George! I don't."

They discussed the matter no further. It seemed to dispose of itself. Their acquaintance went on in the old way, but there were moments after-

ward when Murdoch felt that the man regarded him with something that might have been restrained or secret fear—a something which held him back and made him silent or unready of speech. Once, in the midst of a conversation taking a more confidential tone than usual, to his companion's astonishment he stopped and spoke bluntly:

"If I say aught as goes against the grain with you," he said, "speak up, lad. Blast it!" striking his fist hard against his palm, "I'd like to show my clean side to you."

It was at this time that he spoke first of his mother.

"When I ran away from the poor-house," he said, "I left her there. She's a soft-hearted body—a good one too. As soon as I earned my first fifteen shillin' a week, I gave her a house of her own—and I lived hard to do it. She lives like a lady now, though she's as simple as ever. She knows naught of the world, and she knows naught of me beyond what she sees of me when I go down to the little country-place in Kent, with a new silk gown and a lace cap for her. She scarce ever wears 'em, but she's as fond on 'em as if she got 'em from Buckingham Palace. She thinks I'm a lad yet, and say my prayers every night and the Catechism on Sundays. She'll never know aught else, if I can help it. That's why I keep her where she is."

When he had said that he intended to make "Haworth's" second to no place in England, he had not spoken idly. His pride in the place was a passion. He spent money lavishly out shrewdly; he paid his men well, but ruled them with an iron hand. Those of his fellow-manufacturers who were less bold and also less keen-sighted regarded him with no small disfavour.

"He'll have trouble yet, that Haworth fellow," they said.

But "Haworth's" flourished and grew. The original Works were added to, and new hands being called for,

flocked into Broxton with their families. It was Jem Haworth who built the rows of cottages to hold them, and he built them well and substantially, but as a sharp business investment and a matter of pride rather than from any weakness of regarding them from a moral standpoint.

"I'll have no poor jobs done on my place," he announced. "I'll leave that to the gentleman manufacturers."

It was while in the midst of this work that he received a letter from Gerard Ffrench, who was still abroad.

Going into his room one day Murdoch found him reading it and looking excited.

"Here's a chap as would be the chap for me," he said, "if brass were iron—that chap Ffrench."

"What does he want?" Murdoch asked.

"Naught much," grimly. "He's got a notion of coming back here, and he'd like to go into partnership with me. That's what he's drivin' at. He'd like to be a partner with Jem Haworth."

"What has he to offer?"

"Cheek, and plenty on it. He says his name's well known, and he's got influence as well as practical knowledge. I'd like to have a bit of a talk with him."

Suddenly he struck his fist on the table before him.

"I've got a name that's enow for me," he said. "The day's to come yet when I ask any chap for name or money or aught else. Partner be damned! This here's 'Haworth's!'"

CHAPTER IX.

"NOT FOR ONE HOUR."

THE meetings of the malcontents continued to be held at the "Who'd ha' thowt it," and were loud voiced and frequent, but notwithstanding their frequency and noisiness, resulted principally in a disproportionate consumption of beer and tobacco and some

differences of opinion, decided in a gentlemanly manner with the assistance of "backers" and a ring.

Having been rescued from these surroundings by Murdoch on several convivial occasions, Briarley began to anticipate his appearance with resignation if not cheerfulness, and to make preparations accordingly.

"I mun lay a sup in reet at th' start," he would say. "There's no knowin' how soon he'll turn up if he drops in to see th' women. Gi' me a glass afore these chaps, Mary. They con wait a bit."

"Why does tha stand it, tha foo'!" some independent spirit would comment. "Con th' chap *carry* thee whoam if tha does na want to go!"

But Briarley never rebelled. Resistance was not his forte. If it were possible to become comfortably drunk before he was sought out and led away he felt it a matter for mild self-gratulation, but he bore defeat amiably.

"Th' missis wants me," he would say unsteadily, but with beaming countenance, on catching sight of Murdoch or Janey. "Th' missis has sent to ax me to go an'—an' set wi' her a bit. I mun go, chaps. A man munna neglect his fam'ly."

In response to Mrs. Briarley's ratings and Janey's querulous appeals, it was his habit to shed tears copiously and with a touch of ostentation.

"I'm a poor chap, missus," he would say. "I'm a poor chap. Yo' munnot be hard on me. I niver wur good enow fur a woman loike yoursen. I should na wonder if I had to join th' teetotals after aw. Tha knows it allus rains o' Whit-Saturday, when they ha' their walk, an' that theer looks as if th' Almighty wur on th' teetotal soide. It's noan loike He'd go to so mich trouble if He were na."

At such crises as these "th' women foak," as he called his wife and Janey, derived their greatest consolation from much going to chapel.

"If it wur na fur th' bit o' comfort I get theer," said the poor woman, "I should na know whether I wur standin'

on my head or my heels—betwixt him, an' th' work, an' th' childer."

"Happen ye'd loike to go wi' us," said Janey, on one occasion. "Yo'll be sure to hear a good sermon."

Murdoch went with them, and sat in a corner of their free seat—a hard seat, with a straight and unrelenting back. But he was not prevented by the seat from being interested and even absorbed by the doctrine. He had an absent-minded way of absorbing impressions, and the unemotional tenor of his life had left him singularly impartial. He did not finally decide that the sermon was good, bad, or indifferent, but he pondered it and its probable effects deeply, and with no little curiosity. It was a long sermon, and one which "hit straight from the shoulder." It displayed a florid heaven and a burning hell. It was literal, and well garnished with telling and scriptural quotations. Once or twice during its delivery Murdoch glanced at Janey and Mrs. Briarley. The woman, during intervals of eager pacifying of the big baby, lifted her pale face and listened devoutly. Janey sat respectable and rigorous, her eyes fixed upon the pulpit, her huge shawl folded about her, her bonnet slipping backwards at intervals and requiring to be repeatedly re-arranged by a smart hustling somewhere in the region of the crown.

The night was very quiet when they came out into the open air. The smoke-clouds of the day had been driven away by a light breeze, and the sky was bright with stars. Mrs. Briarley and the ubiquitous baby joined a neighbour and hastened home, but Murdoch and Janey lingered a little.

"My father is buried here," Murdoch had said, and Janey had answered with sharp curiousness.

"Wheer's th' place? I'd loike to see it. Has tha gotten a big headstone up?"

She was somewhat disappointed to find there was none, and that nothing but the sod covered the long mound,

but she appeared to comprehend the state of affairs at once.

"I s'pose tha'lt ha' one after a bit," she said, "when tha'rt not so short as th' art now. Ivvery body's short i' these toimes."

She seated herself upon the stone coping of the next grave, her elbow on her knee, a small, weird figure in the uncertain light.

"I allus did loike a big head-stone," she remarked, reflectively. "Theer's summat noice about a big white un wi' black letters on it. I loike a white un th' best, an' ha' th' letters cut deep, an' th' name big, an' a bit o' poetry at th' eend :

"Stranger, a moment linger near,
And hark to th' one as moulders here;
Thy bones, loike mine, shall rot i' th'
ground,
Until th' last awful trumpet's sound;
Thy flesh, loike mine, fa' to decay,
For mon is made to pass away."

Summat loike that. But yo' see it ud be loike to cost so much. What wi' th' stone an' paint an' cuttin', I should na wonder if it would na coom to th' matter o' two pound,—an' then theer's th' funeral."

She ended with a sigh, and sank for a moment into a depressed reverie, but in the course of a few moments she roused herself again.

"Tell me summat about thy feyther," she demanded.

Murdoch bent down and plucked a blade of grass with a rather uncertain grasp.

"There isn't much to tell," he answered. "He was unfortunate, and had a hard life—and died."

Janey looked at his lowered face with a sharp, unchildish twinkle in her eye.

"Would tha moind me axin' thee summat?" she said.

"No."

But she hesitated a little before she put the question.

"Is it—wur it true—as he wur na aw theer—as he wur a bit—a bit soft i' th' yed?"

"No, that is not true."

"I'm glad it is na," she responded. "Art tha loike him?"

"I don't know."

"I hope tha art na, if he did na ha' luck. Theer's a great deal i' luck." Then, with a quick change of subject,—"How did tha loike th' sermon?"

"I am not sure," he answered, "that I know that either. How did you like it yourself?"

"Aye," with an air of elderly approval, "it wur a good un. Mester Hixon allus gi'es us a good un. He owts wi' what he's gotten to say. I loike a preacher as owts wi' it."

A few moments later, when they rose to go home, her mind seemed suddenly to revert to a former train of thought.

"Wur their money i' that thing thy feyther wur tryin' at?" she asked.

"Not for him, it seemed."

"Aye; but their mought be fur thee. Thee mayst ha' more in thee than he had, an' mought mak' summat on it. I'd niver let owt go as had money i' it. Tha'dst mak' a better rich mon than Haworth."

After leaving her Murdoch did not go home. He turned his back upon the village again, and walked rapidly away from it, out on the country road and across field paths, and did not turn until he was miles from Broxton.

Of late he had been more than usually abstracted. He had been restless, and at times nervously unstrung. He had slept ill, and spent his days in a half-conscious mood. More than once, as they worked together, Floxham had spoken to him amazed.

"What's up w' thee, lad?" he had said. "Art dazed, or has tha takken a turn an' been on a spree?"

One night, when they were together, Haworth had picked up from the floor a rough but intricate-looking drawing, and, on handing it to him, had been bewildered by his sudden change of expression.

"Is it aught of yours?" he had asked.

"Yes," the young fellow had answered; "it's mine."

But, instead of replacing it in his pocket, he had torn it slowly into strips, and thrown it, piece by piece, into the fire, watching it as it burned.

It was not Janey's eminently practical observations which had stirred him to-night. He had been drifting toward this feverish crisis of feeling for months, and had contested its approach inch by inch. There were hours when he was overpowered by the force of what he battled against, and this was one of them.

It was nearly midnight when he returned, and his mother met him at the door with an anxious look. It was a look he had seen upon her face all his life; but its effect upon himself had never lessened from the day he had first recognised it, as a child.

"I did not think you would wait for me," he said. "It is later than I thought."

"I am not tired," she answered.

She had aged a little since her husband's death, but otherwise she had not changed. She looked up at her son just as she had looked at his father,—watchfully, but saying little.

"Are you going to bed?" she asked.

"I am going up stairs," he replied. But he did not say that he was going to bed.

He bade her good-night shortly afterward, and went to his room. It was the one his father had used before his death, and the trunk containing his belongings stood in one corner of it.

For a short time after entering the room he paced the floor restlessly and irregularly. Sometimes he walked quickly, sometimes slowly; once or twice he stopped short, checking himself as he veered toward the corner in which the unused trunk stood.

"I'm in a queer humour," he said aloud. "I am thinking of it as if—as if it were a temptation to sin. Why should I?"

He made a sudden resolute move-

ment forward. He knelt down, and, turning the key in the lock, flung the trunk lid backward.

There was only one thing he wanted, and he knew where to find it. It lay buried at the bottom, under the unused garments, which gave forth a faint, damp odour as he moved them. When he rose from his knees he held the wooden case in his hand. After he had carried it to the table and opened it, and the model stood again before him, he sat down and stared at it with a numb sense of fascination.

"I thought I had seen the last of it," he said; "and here it is."

Even as he spoke he felt his blood warm within him, and flush his cheek. His hand trembled as he put it forth to touch and move the frame-work before him. He felt as if it were a living creature. His eye kindled, and he bent forward.

"There's something to be done with it yet," he said. "It's *not* a blunder, I'll swear!"

He was hot with eagerness and excitement. The thing had haunted him day and night for weeks. He had struggled to shake off its influence, but in vain. He had told himself that the temptation to go back to it and ponder over it was the working of a morbid taint in his blood. He had remembered the curse it had been, and had tried to think of that only; but it had come back to him again and again, and—here it was.

He spent an hour over it, and in the end his passionate eagerness had rather grown than diminished. He put his hand up to his forehead and brushed away drops of moisture; his throat was dry, and his eyes were strained.

"There's something to be brought out of it yet," he said, as he had said before. "It *can* be done, I swear!"

The words had scarcely left his lips before he heard behind him a low, but sharp cry—a miserable ejaculation, half uttered.

He had not heard the door open, nor the entering footsteps; but he knew what the cry meant the moment he

heard it. He turned about and saw his mother standing on the threshold. If he had been detected in the commission of a crime, he could not have felt a sharper pang than he did. He almost staggered against the wall and did not utter a word. For a moment they looked at each other in a dead silence. Each wore in the eyes of the other a new aspect. She pointed to the model.

"It has come back," she said. "I knew it would."

The young fellow turned and looked at it a little stupidly.

"I—didn't mean to hurt you with the sight of it," he said. "I took it out because—because——"

She stopped him with a movement of her head.

"Yes, I know," she said. "You took it out because it has haunted you and tempted you. You could not withstand it. It is in your blood."

He had known her through all his life a patient creature, whose very pains had bent themselves and held themselves in check, lest they should seem for an hour to stand in the way of the end to be accomplished. That she had, even in the deepest secrecy, rebelled against fate, he had never dreamed.

She came to the table and struck the model aside with one angry blow.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" she cried, panting. "*I have never believed in it for an hour—not for one hour!*"

"He could only stammer out a few halting words.

"This is all new to me," he said. "I did not know——"

"No, you did not know," she answered. "How should you, when I lived my whole life to hide it? I have been stronger than you thought. I bore with him, as I should have borne with him if he had been maimed or blind—or worse than that. I did not hurt him—he had hurt enough. I knew what the end would be. He would have been a happy man and I a happy woman, if it had not been for

that, and there it is again. I tell you," passionately, "there is a curse on it!"

"And you think," he said, "that it has fallen upon me."

She burst into wild tears.

"I have told myself it would," she said. "I have tried to prepare myself for its coming some day; but I did not think it would show itself so soon as this."

"I don't know why," he said slowly. "I don't know—what there is in *me* that I should think I might do what he left undone. There seems a kind of vanity in it."

"It is not vanity," she said; "it is worse. It is what has grown out of my misery and his. I tell you it is in your blood."

A flush rose to his face, and a stubborn look settled upon him.

"Perhaps it is," he answered. "I have told myself that too."

She held her closed hand upon her heart, as if to crush down its passionate heavings.

"Begin as he began," she cried, "and the end will come to you as it came to him. Give it up now—now!"

"Give it up!" he repeated after her.

"Give it up," she answered, "or give up your whole life, your youth, your hope,—all that belongs to it."

She held out her hands to him in a wild, unconsciously theatrical gesture. The whole scene had been theatrical through its very incongruousness, and Murdoch had seen this vaguely, and been more shaken by it than anything else.

Before she knew what he meant to do, he approached the table, and replaced the model in its box, the touch of stubborn desperateness on him yet. He carried the case back to the trunk, and shut it in once more.

"I'll let it rest a while," he said; "I'll promise you that. If it is ever to be finished by me, the time will come when it will see the light again, in spite of us both."

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTIAN MURDOCH.

As he was turning into the gate of the Works the next morning, a little lad touched him upon the elbow.

"Mester," he said, "sithee, Mester, —stop a bit."

He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and he held in his hand a slip of paper.

"I thowt I should na ketch thee," he said, "tha'rt so long-legged. A woman sent thee that," and he gave him the slip of paper.

Murdoch opened and read the words written upon it.

"If you are Steven Murdoch's son, I must see you. Come with the child."

There was no signature—only these words, written irregularly and weakly. He had never met with an adventure in his life, and this was like an episode in a romance.

"If you are Steven Murdoch's son, I must see you."

He could scarcely realize that he was standing in the narrow, up-hill street, jostled by the hands shouting and laughing as they streamed past him through the gates to their work.

And yet, somehow he found himself taking it more coolly than seemed exactly natural. This morning, emotion and event appeared less startling than they would have done even the day before. The strange scene of the past night had, in a manner, prepared him for anything which might happen.

"Who sent it?" he asked of the boy.

"Th' woman as lodges i' our house. She's been theer three days, an' she's getten to th' last mother says. Con tha coom? She's promist me a shillin' if I browt thee."

"Wait here a minute," said Murdoch.

He passed into the Works and went to Floxham.

"I've had a message that calls me away," he said. "If you can spare me for an hour——"

"I'll mak' out," said the engineer.

The lad at the gate looked up with an encouraging grin when he saw his charge returning.

"I'd loike to mak' th' shillin'," he said.

Murdoch followed him in silence. He was thinking of what was going to happen to himself scarcely as much as of the dead man in whose name he was called upon. He was brought near to him again as if it were by a fate. "If you are Steven Murdoch's son," had moved him strongly.

Their destination was soon reached. It was a house in a narrow but respectable street occupied chiefly by a decent class of workmen and their families. A week before he had seen in the window of this same house a card bearing the legend "Lodgings to Let," and now it was gone. A clean, motherly woman opened the door for them.

"Tha'st earnt tha shillin', has tha, tha young nowt?" she said to the lad with friendly severity. "Coom in, Mester. I wur feart he'd get off on some of his marlocks, an' forget aw about th' paper. She's i' a bad way, poor lady, an' th' lass is na o' much use. Coom up stairs."

She led the way to the second floor, and her knock being answered by a voice inside, she opened the door. The room was comfortable and of good size, a fire burned in the grate, and before it sat a girl with her hands clasped upon her knee.

She was a girl of nineteen, dark of face and slight of figure to thinness. When she turned her head slowly to look at him, Murdoch was struck at once with the peculiar steadiness of her large black eyes.

"She is asleep," she said in a low, cold voice.

There was a sound as of movement in the bed.

"I am awake," some one said. "If it is Steven Murdoch's son, let him come here."

Murdoch went to the bedside and stood looking down at the woman who returned his gaze. She was a woman

whose last hours upon earth were passing rapidly. Her beauty was now only something terrible to see; her breath came fast and short; her eyes met his with a look of anguish.

"Send the girl away," she said to him.

Low as her voice was, the girl heard it. She rose without turning to right or left and went out of the room.

Until the door closed the woman still lay looking up into her visitor's face, but as soon as it was shut she spoke laboriously.

"What is your name?" she asked.

He told her.

"You are like your father," she said, and then closed her eyes and lay so for a moment. "It is a mad thing I am doing," she said, knitting her brows with weak fretfulness, and still lying with closed eyes. "I—I do not know—why I should have done it—only that it is the last thing. It is not that I am fond of the girl—or that she is fond of me," she opened her eyes with a start. "Is the door shut?" she said. "Keep her out of the room."

"She is not here," he answered, "and the door is closed."

The sight of his face seemed to help her to recover herself.

"What am I saying?" she said.

"I have not told you who I am."

"No," he replied, "not yet."

"My name was Janet Murdoch," she said. "I was your father's cousin. Once he was very fond of me."

She drew from under her pillow a few old letters.

"Look at them," she said; "he wrote them."

But he only glanced at the superscription and laid them down again.

"I did not know," she panted, "that he was dead. I hoped he would be here. I knew that he must have lived a quiet life. I always thought of him as living here in the old way."

"He was away from here for thirty years," said Murdoch. "He only came back to die."

"He!" she said. "I never thought

of that. It—seems very strange. I could not imagine his going from place to place—or living a busy life—or suffering much. He was so simple and so quiet. I thought of him," she went on, "because he was a good man—a good man—and there was no one else in the world. As the end came I grew restless—I wanted to—to try——"

But there her eyes closed and she forgot herself again.

"What was it you wanted to try to do?" he asked gently.

She roused herself, as before, with a start.

"To try," she said,—"to try to do something for the girl."

He did not understand what she meant until she had dragged herself up upon the pillow and leaned forward, touching him with her hand; she had gathered all her strength for the effort.

"I am an outcast," she said,—"an outcast!"

The simple and bare words were so terrible that he could scarcely bear them, but he controlled himself by a strong effort.

A faint colour crept up on her cheek.

"You don't understand," she said.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I think I do."

She fell back upon her pillows.

"I won't tell you the whole story," she said. "It is an ugly one, and she will be ready enough with it when her turn comes. She has understood all her life. She has never been a child. She seemed to fasten her eyes upon me from the hour of her birth, and I have felt them ever since. Keep her away," with a shudder. "Don't let her come in."

A sudden passion of excitement seized upon her.

"I don't know why I should care," she cried. "There is no reason why she should not live as I have lived—but she will not—she will not. I have reached the end, and she knows it. She sits and looks on and says nothing,

but her eyes force me to speak. They forced me to come here—to try—to make a last effort. If Steven Murdoch had lived——"

She stopped a moment.

"You are a poor man," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I am a mechanic."

"Then—you cannot—do it."

She spoke helplessly, wildly.

"There is nothing to be done. There is no one else. She will be all alone."

Then he comprehended her meaning fully.

"No," he said, "I am not so poor as that. I am not a poorer man than my father was, and I can do what he would have done, if he had lived. My mother will care for the girl if that is what you wish."

"What I wish!" she echoed. "I wish for nothing—but I must do something for her—before—before—before——"

She broke off, but began again.

"You are like your father. You make things seem simple. You speak as if you were undertaking nothing."

"It is not much to do," he answered, "and we could not do less. I will go to my mother and tell her that she is needed here. She will come to you."

She turned her eyes on him in terror.

"You think," she whispered, "that I shall die soon—soon!"

He did not answer her. He could not. She wrung her hands and dashed them open upon the bed, panting.

"Oh," she cried, "my God! It is over! I have come to the end of it—the end! To have only one life—and to have done with it—and lie here! To have lived—and loved—and triumphed, and to know it is over! One may defy all the rest, the whole world, but not this. It is *done*!"

Then she turned to him again, desperately.

"Go to your mother," she said.

"Tell her to come. I want some one

in the room with me. I won't be left alone with *her*. I cannot bear it."

On going out he found the girl sitting at the head of the stairs. She rose and stood aside to let him pass, looking at him unflinchingly.

"Are you coming back again?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "I am coming back again."

In half-an-hour he reascended the staircase, bringing his mother with him. When they entered the room in which the dying woman lay, Mrs. Murdoch went to the bed and bent over her.

"My son has brought me to do what I can for you," she said, "and to tell you that he will keep his promise."

The woman looked up. For a moment it seemed that she had half forgotten. A change had come upon her even in the intervening half-hour.

"His promise," she said. "Yes, he will keep it."

At midnight she died. Mother and son were in the room; the girl sat in a chair at the bedside. Her hands were clasped upon her knee; she sat without motion. At a few minutes before the stroke of twelve the woman awoke from the heavy sleep in which she had lain. She awoke with a start and a cry, and lay staring at the girl, whose steady eyes were fixed upon her. Her lips moved, and at last she spoke.

"Forgive me!" she cried. "Forgive me!"

Murdoch and his mother rose, but the girl did not stir.

"For what?" she asked.

"For——" panted the woman, "for——"

But the sentence remained unfinished. The girl did not utter a word. She sat looking at the dying woman in silence—only looking at her, not once moving her eyes from the face which, a moment later, was merely a mask of stone which lay upon the pillow, gazing back at her with a fixed stare.

To be continued.

IS IT EXPEDIENT TO INCREASE THE NUMBER OF UNIVERSITIES IN ENGLAND?¹

It is often difficult to put a question without in some degree indicating the nature of the answer that is expected to it; but this question appears to me as fair as it is direct, and I will try to answer it with similar straightforwardness.

I shall not assume, as speaking from a general historical point of view I might feel tempted to do, that the *onus probandi* ought to lie with those who assert the negative, and who maintain that it is *not* expedient to increase the number of universities in England. From the Middle Ages downwards, universities have to so large an extent been the bearers and representatives of higher national culture, that the establishment of a new university was long regarded in all European countries as a *prima facie* benefit to the nation in the midst of which it was founded. If I waive this general historical argument, I hope that on the other side no mistakes of past times will be quoted as disproving the expediency of present action. A reckless or haphazard increase in the number of universities is inexpedient in any age or country; and the word *multiplication* seems to have been expressly imported into the discussion of this question in order to suggest a negative answer. Of course, as the melancholy roll of dead universities shows, some mistakes have been committed in the direction of excess, some in the choice of locality, some perhaps in other ways. These are dangers against which it is the duty of prudent statesmanship to guard, except where, as in the United States, absolute liberty in the foundation of new degree-granting

institutions has been established as a virtually irrevocable principle. I am not aware whether any one wishes to defend that principle—I certainly do not. The question we have to consider concerns our own time and country, and has to deal with its existing means and wants.

To demand that the number of English universities should be increased—to what extent I am not now considering—implies an opinion that the existing number is insufficient. It amounts, as you are aware, to four; but these four are not of the same kind. Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, however their organisation may from time to time have been, or may yet be modified by national authority, are, and are likely to remain, self-governed bodies, arranging and conducting their own system of teaching and examining, and exacting residence as a condition of their degrees. The University of London is at the present time an examining board conferring its degrees upon all comers who pass its examinations, whether or not they have been educated in collegiate institutions. At present those of its candidates who have, and those who have not, been so educated, are about equal in numbers. To its examinations, colleges such as University College, London, and Owens College, Manchester, send large numbers of candidates; and no other English university examinations or degrees are open to the students of these colleges, and of others which are gradually growing up in different parts of the country. We thus possess *three* teaching and examining universities—of which one (Durham) has hardly extended or seems likely to extend its operations beyond a local

¹ A paper read before the Education Section of the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, October 25th, 1878.

sphere—and one which has entirely, so far as its system is concerned, discovered the responsibility of examining for certificates of knowledge from the responsibility of teaching. And with the exception of Durham, the North of England, which contains fully one-half of the population of the country, is entirely without a seat of university life.

One observation suggests itself immediately from the recital of these familiar facts. The union of all the English universities in a single institution is out of the question, even were it desirable. Oxford and Cambridge are altogether unlikely ever to become mere branches of a single centralised system; and for my part I think it would be deplorable if such should ever be the case. The centralised system which prevailed in France, till it was recently interrupted, is well known; it was described ten years ago by Mr. Matthew Arnold, who sufficiently pointed out its great defect—the want of freedom of teaching. The uniformity of study, which has resulted in England from the wide-spreading influence of the University of London examinations, has already begun to produce its consequences. Professor Croom Robertson, of University College, London, has dwelt on this with regard to the typically academical study of mental philosophy. On the other hand, while Oxford and Cambridge will never become branches of a central university, the University of London will never again become a mere system of colleges. Nor is it desirable that it should become such. It is a national benefit which never will or ought to be relinquished, that there should exist in this country examinations like those of the University of London, impartially conducted by examiners chosen from the widest possible area, and open to all comers. But while a single central university seems impossible in England, this by no means implies that the professions and the State should not take care of themselves and of the interests of the public, by maintaining, establish-

ing, or perfecting more or less uniform standards of examination for admission to practice or service. These professional and State tests are different from, and yet quite compatible with, examinations for university degrees. In making this remark I venture specially to point to the question of medical education.

Such, then, are the *means* we possess. What are the *demands* we have to meet? There is a growing demand throughout the country for the highest, for what, if you please, I will call the *academical* kind of instruction. This demand is extending in range as it is increasing in strength; the old studies have become wider and fuller, and yet our times too have their New Learning, like the Renaissance Age. For some of these studies—such as medicine, and various branches of physical and mechanical science—the ancient seats of learning are in a position of relative disadvantage.

But I am specially anxious to point out—and here at twelve years' experience of a part of England which is without a university may be of some value—that in this country there is a growing demand for academical instruction, and a growing sense of the advantages and importance of university training, university life, and university influence. Some of the most signal of these advantages least need enumerating, such as the association of students and teachers in study and in daily intercourse; the formation of new schools of learning and research among the flower of the students and graduates, the encouragement among the students at large of a systematic and sustained kind of study, the gradual elevation of tone and feeling among those who live together for high, or at least pure, ends, among those who *have* so lived together and who still retain their connexion (though it be merely nominal) with their *Alma Mater*, and among the community around. This community finds in the university a centre for the schools and other local and educational institutions, for a large proportion of all its efforts in the

direction of intellectual progress. These are some of the benefits of university education and university life which are recognised with the utmost distinctness by numbers of men who have never been at a university, and in districts where thought and aspiration are sometimes believed to run entirely on cotton and iron—for Mr. Lowe tells us that at Manchester, if we try to bring Pegasus there he will very soon be found turning the wheel of a cotton-mill.

If these demands are increasing and likely to increase, the question arises whether they can be met by the existing means, either in their actual or in some modified or extended form? In other words (for this is what it comes to), can the double system of Oxford and Cambridge on the one hand, and the University of London on the other, be so elastically applied as to satisfy *in perpetuum* the national needs of university education and university life?

No one will seriously contend that Oxford and Cambridge can supply the wants of the entire country within their own walls, as in times gone by, so far as university training is concerned. Nothing indeed is more striking than the great increase in the numbers of their undergraduates in recent years, and in the efforts which have been made to facilitate and cheapen residence. At Cambridge especially, with which I am more familiar, the increase of educational activity is quite wonderful to any one who has observed the progress of that university within the last generation; and it is idle to speak of Cambridge any longer as a university for any one class or division of the nation, religious or social. Still both Oxford and Cambridge attract students in larger numbers from their own districts than from others; residence there, except in the case of those who can obtain scholarships, is more expensive than many who desire a university education can afford; and, as an old Cambridge man who yields to nobody in loyal affection for his university, I will

fearlessly state another consideration. If Cambridge and Oxford continue indefinitely to extend their educational activity within their own walls—and I am far from saying that its limit has in either case been already reached—there is a serious danger that this educational activity will absorb their best forces, and that the work of instruction will unduly overshadow the pursuit of learning and scientific research. Already there is a misproportion perceptible between the efforts devoted to what has been well described as the distribution of existing knowledge and those devoted to the acquisition of new. To avoid this misproportion, and to secure to a university its double character as a place of education and learning should be the object of every university, whether its foundation date from the middle ages, from later days, or from the times in which we live.

Neither Oxford nor Cambridge can attract students in equal proportions from all parts of the country, or become for the remoter districts the centres of all school and educational life. On this head I may quote a few words written to me something more than two years ago by one of the present secretaries to the Charity Commission, who has as fresh and wide an experience as any man of the endowed schools of the country. With reference to the proposal to make Manchester the centre of a new university, he wrote: "What more particularly interests me is the effect such a university would have upon the grammar-schools we are re-organising in that district of the country. Manchester Grammar-school is the only school thereabouts that acts largely as a feeder to Oxford and Cambridge. Leeds Grammar-school sends some men, and so do the Liverpool schools; but the number from any other endowed schools thereabouts is almost insignificant. I cannot but think that a university in Manchester, free from the traditions of expensiveness which hang about Oxford and Cambridge, would tempt a very large number of boys who now, in default

of anything short of Oxford and Cambridge, go straight into business at seventeen years of age."

On the other hand, nowhere is the insufficiency of all processes of what I may call intramural or gremial extension more clearly recognised than in the old universities themselves. Two plans have been accordingly suggested in supplement. The one is the scheme which has been proposed and rejected at Oxford, of affiliation of local colleges. My conviction is that where a college has already attained a life and character of its own, it is impossible to accommodate it to institutions, however venerable and powerful, of an altogether different historical growth. To affiliate a college like Owens College, Manchester, for instance, to Oxford, would be to stunt its best growths at home, to paralyse much of its higher teaching, and to move it backward instead of forward in its career of literary and scientific endeavour. The other plan, which Cambridge has for some years energetically worked at, and which Oxford has just adopted, is that known under the name of university extension. Lecturers—chiefly, of course, young lecturers—go out from the university to the large towns to turn the sod, if I may so express myself, and if possible to sow the seed of a love of learning and research. I believe this plan already to have had excellent results; but its tentative character is obvious, its operations can never be thoroughly systematic, and it only lays the foundations of an edifice which, in the words of the *Times*, is still "to be crowned."

But besides the old teaching and examining universities we have the examining board of the University of London; and why, it is urged, should not this, in conjunction with local colleges, suffice for all demands? The answer is twofold. The permanent restriction of the regulation of university courses throughout the country, apart from those of Oxford, Cambridge and Durham, to a single centre must produce a uniformity which, as I have already

said, will tend to narrow the lines of university teaching, and it will stereotype a principle which, though new, has many advocates, and on which, since it is in my belief radically unsound, you will perhaps allow me for a moment to dwell.

This principle is that of the dissociation of teaching from examining; of committing the determination of the courses and subjects of study on which the examinations turn to those who have not (unless accidentally) any concern with these courses and subjects as teachers. Degrees are not the main object of a university; but apart from the fact that they cannot be dispensed with as the national recognition of its right and ability to regulate its own methods, they are necessary to systematise its courses of study, and to encourage continuity and regularity of work among its students. I was much struck by the observation of an eminent Professor of the University of Oxford, that in his opinion the most important argument in favour of the creation of a new degree-giving centre lies in the impulse to be expected from it towards continuous and regular study in the place of its establishment. The later experience of the two largest Scottish universities has unmistakably shown that the practice (formerly much neglected) of proceeding to Arts degrees has led to a more systematic and extended study there. But where the power of granting degrees, of regulating the examinations for them, and of determining the ordinary curricula of study, is wholly dissociated from the teaching body of an academical institution, its teaching will infallibly either largely degenerate into mere dependent preparation or *cram*,—or it will have no integral connexion with any regular system of education.

Now, it is not so much that fault has been found with the existing system of the London examinations from various points of view. Such has certainly been the case; but neither have the Oxford and Cam-

bridge systems of examinations been exempt from criticism or change. The first point is, that on the governing body of the University of London the colleges which prepare their students for its examinations are unrepresented; that they could not be easily represented there so long as half of the candidates for the examinations come from no college at all; and that even if they were to obtain some influence upon the conduct of the examinations, it would be too small in the case of any college of considerable growth to satisfy the claims for change which, like all academical institutions desiring to progress with the progress of their age, it must from time to time desire to make. Of course this difficulty would weigh most heavily upon colleges distant from London. I am very far from saying that the maxim, *les absens ont toujours tort*, would there hold good; but the preponderating influence would necessarily belong to the great London colleges, even if the representatives of the country colleges could be always running up to town. London is London; and under whatever constitution, so long as London is the seat of a university, that university must be mainly under its control. The second point is, that even if a fairly satisfactory system of representation were devised for the colleges belonging to the university, yet the London degree must, on account of the non-collegiate candidates, remain a mere examination test, without any certificate of collegiate training. This combination alone makes a university degree signify that its recipient has enjoyed the benefits of university education and university life—and it is these benefits for which as I have said there is an increasing demand in England.

I have sought to show, or rather to indicate, why our existing national means in university education are insufficient to meet our existing needs. I am not called on to explain in what way the establishment of a new university could be carried out without

either prejudicing the existing academical education in the country, or foreclosing the policy of the future. But if a new university is a desirable addition to the means of higher education of the country it must give fair guarantees of efficiency and permanence. Even to start with, it should not be what a vivacious member of Parliament has called "a poor provincial university." Its proposed nucleus should already be the educational centre of a considerable district, and enjoy the confidence and support of that district. It should not be one-sided, or sectarian,—or insolvent. And whatever plan is offered for the constitution and working of a new university, it should include guarantees that its degrees will from the first be maintained at the proper level, and its examinations conducted with openness and impartiality. Lastly, it must keep in view the inexpediency of *suddenly* and *hastily* increasing the number of university centres. If homogeneous colleges, each of which is able to furnish satisfactory guarantees of efficiency and permanence, can be united in a single federal university with a fixed centre, such a scheme seems to commend itself as at once the safest and the most elastic; but no hasty union, and none to which the State shall have nothing to say, should be accepted by the country, or allowed to shut the door to future developments.

A scheme which in the opinion of its promoters possesses these features and avoids these dangers is now before the Privy Council, and its outline is no secret to those interested in the matter. But I have refrained from discussing it now, or from advocating the claims of any particular institution or institutions. My object has been to show, that if one of the highest and most imperative of our national needs is to be adequately met, a carefully considered and prudently carried-out increase in the number of English universities is expedient and indeed necessary.

A. W. WARD.

JOHN WALTER AND THE BIRTH OF THE *TIMES*.

THE greatest journal the world has ever seen is the *Times*. It is no wonder, therefore, that its history should have attracted more notice than that of any other newspaper. Its first number would be considered a treasure in any library, and has been reproduced in various facsimile forms from a sheet of the original size down to a pin's head photograph for the microscope. Its infancy and manhood have been described and re-described, while the wonders of its machinery and the pioneer character of its mechanical developments have received able treatment in the pages of this magazine.¹ But no one hitherto appears to have inquired into what may be called the pre-natal history of the *Times*, that is, why John Walter, a wealthy coal-merchant, or as he is termed in legal documents, "Merchant, Dealer, and Chapman," quitted the trade in which the greater part of his life had been spent to become first a printer and then a newspaper proprietor.

The causes which led to such a result will be explained in the following biographical sketch, the facts which form its foundation having been gleaned from contemporary documents written chiefly by Mr. Walter himself, copies of which are preserved in our National Library.

John Walter, the founder of the *Times*, was born in 1738. His father was what was called a "Coal-buyer," and dying in 1755, left his son at the age of seventeen dependent upon his own resources. The responsibility thus thrown upon him so early in life had no doubt a great influence in the formation of his character. With the ardour and determination which

throughout a long career were his marked characteristic, he wooed Fortune, nor wooed in vain. In the space of ten years he became one of the leading merchants of the coal trade, and when, from the growing extent of their transactions, the merchants required a more commodious Coal Exchange, the plans, arrangement, and oversight of the new building were entrusted to Mr. Walter. Upon its completion he was appointed "Manager," and soon after attained the position of "Chairman to the Body of Coal Buyers," a post of considerable importance and responsibility, which he held for many years. He married, and in 1771 purchased an estate at Battersea Rise, spending a considerable sum in its improvement. Here, surrounded by a large family, he passed many happy years. But evil days were at hand. The large profits of the coal trade attracted many competitors and adventurers who devised new ways of business, and were content with smaller gains. Mr. Walter, at that time head partner of the wealthy firm of Walter, Bradley, and Sage, would not countenance such innovations, and his business in consequence fell off. While dissatisfied with the trade in which he had worked so long, a tempting proposal was made to him, the injudicious acceptance of which brought about his speedy ruin. A few words will explain this. The business of a coal-buyer was to purchase at the pit's mouth, and ship to London or other ports. By a system of marine insurance based upon long experience, the coal-buyers shared among themselves the risks and losses at sea, and found a mutual advantage in so doing. In 1770 the general underwriters, long known as "Lloyd's," left the original "Lloyd's Coffee House," at the corner of Abchurch

¹ "Frederic König," by S. Smiles, *Macmillan's Magazine* for December, 1869. "The Walter Press," by A. J. Wilson, February, 1875.

Lane and Lombard Street, and took temporary premises in Pope's Head Alley. Four years later they made their permanent move to rooms in the Royal Exchange, still, however, retaining the old name of "Lloyd's Coffee House." A large accession of members followed this step, and with increased energy the underwriters endeavoured to enlarge the scope of their operations. With this view they invaded the coal-market, where they met with welcome and encouragement. And then by degrees John Walter was tempted to depart from his custom of underwriting only vessels of his own trade, the risks of which he understood, and to enter himself at Lloyd's as a general underwriter. This was in 1776, and from that date to his bankruptcy in 1781, Mr. Walter experienced nothing but a succession of heavy losses. War with America, war with France, privateers springing up suddenly in all seas, the capture and loss of whole fleets of merchantmen, upon whose insurance peace premiums only had been paid, brought ruin to many an English home. In 1779 Spain declared war against us, and the next year Holland joined our foes. At the same time fearful storms caused the loss of many merchantmen, so that Nature herself seemed to vie with Britain's enemies in the destruction of British shipping. The crash was inevitable, and at the end of 1780 John Walter found that already he had lost 80,000*l.*, and that his remaining property was insufficient to meet his known liabilities. Nothing could have been more honourable than his conduct under such trying circumstances. Without attempting to borrow from friends, or to conceal the state of his affairs, he called together his creditors and fully explained to them his position. So satisfied were they all of his strict integrity and good faith, that he was appointed to realise his estate himself, which he conscientiously did. The mansion at Battersea Rise was sold in 1781, and the following year his valuable library was sent to

Evans's Auction Rooms. He gave up all he had, and in 1783 was granted his certificate, a good dividend, the amount of which is not stated, being paid soon after. Through all his misfortunes he retained the good-will and respect of his numerous friends, the letter he received upon resigning the Chairmanship of the Coal Buyers' Association being a genuine instance of this:—

"COAL EXCHANGE, Feb. 28, 1781.

"SIR,—Your favour of the 23rd, directed to the Body of Coal Buyers, I read to them at a General Meeting held on that day. The gentlemen expressed their sorrow at your determination to quit the Chair which you have filled so ably and so honourably; and they were unanimous in giving their testimony of the high opinion entertained of your conduct by their passing a vote of thanks, which I am desired to communicate, and assure you I think the most pleasing part of my office.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"JAMES RANDALL,

"Chairman.

"To JOHN WALTER, Esq."

It was not uncommon at that time to draw the attention of men in power, as well as the public, to private grievances or individual necessities by the publication of a "case." Many such documents may be found among eighteenth century records, and in accordance with this practice was printed and circulated, "The Case of Mr. John Walter, of London, Merchant." It occupies four folio pages of small print, and details in full the misfortunes which had overtaken him, not through his own fault, but through the inability of the English Government to protect English merchantmen; it describes his consequent ruin, his want of capital, which would prevent him embarking again in the coal trade, and his anxiety to obtain "some" respectable post under Government." Mr. Walter appears to have had interest with Lord North; then Prime Minister, and numerous friends exerted themselves on his behalf, so that, to quote his own words, "I met with that kind reception which gave me every pros-

pect of success." Had the ministry remained in office but a few months longer, the whole future course of John Walter's life would have been different—he would probably have died in official harness, unknown beyond the circle of his immediate friends; his fertile brain, directing its powers in a smoother channel, would never have conceived and brought forth the *Times*, and the whole country would have been poorer by the loss of that strength patriotically and wisely exerted in the cause of liberty and justice, which rendered the leading journal in after years a tower of strength to the people of England. Fortunately for the history of journalism, the ministry was dismissed in 1782, a dissolution of parliament following. Then, indeed, did all Mr. Walter's hopes of patronage vanish, and poverty stare him in the face. His feelings at that time cannot be better described than in his own words:—

"Judge what must be my sensations: twenty-six years in the prime of life passed away; all the fortune I had acquired by a studious attention to business sunk by hasty strides, and the world to begin afresh, with the daily introduction to my view of a wife and six children unprovided for and dependent on me for support. Feeling hearts may sympathise at the relation, none but parents can conceive the anxiety of my mind in such a state of uncertainty and suspense."

And now in his extremity came his opportunity, and John Walter was not the man to let it slip. Whether it was through the assistance of a namesake, John Walter, of 8, Charing Cross, a highly-respected bookseller, who may have been a relative, and who was certainly soon after his publisher; or whether it was through making acquaintance with the interior of a printing-office, while putting to press his "case" and other appeals, is of no great consequence. The important fact is that in this year, 1782, he first became acquainted with an enthusiastic compositor named Henry Johnson,

whose head was turned on a new system of printing which he had just patented. The idea was for the workmen to pick up whole words at once, instead of letter by letter. These words were called "logotypes."

Mr. Walter adopted the new system with enthusiasm, seeing in it an opportunity of attracting the attention and patronage of influential men by a new, cheaper, and more expeditious way of printing, thus creating for himself a lucrative business, while at the same time promoting what he firmly believed to be a public benefit. He indoctrinated many of his friends with the same belief, and as a commencement was enabled to purchase from Johnson all his rights in the patent logotypes. He then set to work to improve and modify the system. Johnson's idea was to have *all* the words in the language cast in one piece, and so arranged as easily to suit the convenience of the workmen. It seemed self-evident when the compositor was enabled by one movement of his hand to pick up a whole word, which, under the common system, would require a separate movement for each single letter, that a great gain both in speed and cheapness would be the result. The fatal error was in not realising the necessary complexity of the new arrangements, which presented to the compositor a set of cases nine feet in length, and divided into thousands of small boxes, and which in fact caused more time to be lost than gained. Mr. Walter saw this evil in Johnson's plan, but only as a difficulty to be overcome. He at once set to work to simplify his vocabulary, and reduce the number of logotypes. By rejecting words of infrequent occurrence, and by casting in a piece such initial and final syllables as "con," "be," "ing," "ed," &c., he greatly reduced the space over which the compositor's hand had to travel, and in fact so modified the system that it became his own. Johnson's method of cementing letters together to make logotypes was, after many consultations with Caslon, the

typesetter, considerably modified, and the following ingenious plan adopted to fuse the separate letters of a word into a solid piece. In the first place, all the letters of a fount were cast separately, but they were all made one-eighth of an inch shorter than the normal length (Fig. 1), and were all cast in a mould specially constructed, so that the lower part of the shank (Fig. 1, *c* to *b*) was smaller than the upper. A word was then set up, as shown by the dark line in Fig. 2, *a c b*, say the word "having," which

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



was placed face downwards in another mould of the normal height, and melted type metal was poured in, which soldered all the separate letters into a solid piece, and bound them tightly together. The part of the word so added is shown at Fig. 2, *c b d d*. All the important words in the language were treated similarly, and arranged systematically in separate boxes before the compositor, who had also single letters to use when needful, as well as the syllabic combinations already noticed.

John Walter never did anything by halves; and being now convinced that the old system of single types was doomed, and that his logotypes must originate a new era in the art of printing, he set to work vigorously to establish himself as "The Logographic Printer." He issued a pamphlet prospectus of the invention, with the title, *An Introduction to Logography*, which, although bearing the name of Johnson, the original inventor, is plainly written by John Walter. He communicated with Dr. Franklin, the celebrated American printer and patriot, who encouraged him to persevere. He was warmly supported by

Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society. He became a member of the "Society for the Encouragement of the Arts and Manufactures," and delivered before them a glowing lecture on the great importance of his new system, which would effect a saving of "over 50 per cent." in the compositors' labour. This obtained for him the printing of their next volume of Proceedings. He obtained permission to send his logotype cases to St. James's Palace for the inspection of royalty, after which they were for some time deposited in the British Museum for public inspection. So sanguine and energetic was he, that he induced many persons of influence and position in the literary world to believe that a new era had dawned upon the typographic art; and promises of support from both authors and publishers now flowed in upon him. There was one thing indeed he could not brook, and that was opposition. A man was now either his friend or foe, according as he believed or not in logotypes. When William Caslon, the celebrated type-founder, who assisted him in his early experiments and cast all his first founts of logotypes, ventured to question the excellence of the new system, John Walter at once attacked him publicly, denouncing him as a false friend and traducer, who censured what he did not understand, and who was actuated by mean and mercenary motives.

Having a good prospect of public support, and with plenty of work already promised, Mr. Walter looked about for a fitting locality in which to make a start with his new business, and where at the same time there would be room for its expansion—a result in which he had the fullest confidence. The first notice we have of his settlement is found in the following advertisement, which, on May 17, 1784, appeared in several papers:—"Logographic Office, Blackfriars. Mr. Walter begs leave to inform the public that he has purchased the printing-house formerly

occupied by Mr. Basket, near Apothecaries' Hall, which will be opened the first day of next month for printing by words entire, under His Majesty's patent. The greatest care will be taken of all orders, which may be sent either to the printing-house, or to Mr. Searle's, grocer, 55, Oxford Street; Mr. Thrale's, pastry-cook, opposite the Admiralty; Mr. Taylor's, New Lloyd's Coffee-house, over the Royal Exchange; Mr. Pratt's, green-grocer, 84, Wapping; Mr. Sterry's, oilman, 156, Borough; where boxes will be fixed for the reception of any letters or messages he may be favoured with."

Here, in Printing-house Square, on June 1st, 1784, John Walter began his typographical career; and as his efforts have made that spot famous throughout the civilised world, it will not be inappropriate to lay before the reader a few of the more interesting associations of the locality.

Where the *Times* office now stands is the site of the old monastery of the Black Friars. Portions of the foundations are still beneath the ground, and yet below them are remains of the ancient city wall erected by the Romans, and also the Norman wall which succeeded it. Here lie buried the remains of John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, whose untimely end received a most touching memorial from the pen and press of William Caxton. Several parliaments were held there; and there was heard that famous cause, the trial of Catherine of Aragon, the starting-point of Henry VIII.'s career as autocrat in Church and State. After the surrender of the Black Friars monastery, in 1538, it passed through the hands of several courtiers, till at last it became a printing-house for the king's printer. In 1666 the oldest newspaper in existence, the *London Gazette*, was established and printed there by John Bill, whose house was soon after burnt down in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt, and in 1708 is described in *A View of London* as "The queen's printing-house—a

stately building." Here the busy presses of the Baskett family, the well-known Bible and Prayer-book printers, worked for many years. To them succeeded Eyre and Strahan, who in 1770 forsook the old quarters, and removed to New Street, Fleet Street. For some years the printing-house appears to have remained unoccupied, until, in 1784, it was taken by John Walter for his logographic press, and a new destiny dawned upon it. Here Mr. Walter brought his wife and daughters, and here in the same year was born his son and successor, John Walter the second, who in the early part of the succeeding century raised the *Times* to its greatest height of power. A few years later Printing-house Square was enlivened by the marriage of Mr. Walter's eldest daughter to James Carden, Esq., of Paper Buildings, in the Temple; and there, in 1798, died Mrs. Walter, who for many years had shared the fortunes and misfortunes of her husband.

When Mr. Walter first commenced his logographical career, ignorance of the practical part of typography was a serious hindrance to him. "Embarked in a business," he writes, "into which I entered a mere novice, want of experience laid me open to many and gross impositions;" but his energy and determination overcame them all, and secured temporary success for a system which in weaker hands must have been a failure from the beginning. The first issue of the logographic press was a short tale entitled *Gabriel the Outcast*, which was soon followed by an octavo volume of *Miscellanies*. This was a collection of elegant extracts from the writings of well-known poets, and was compiled by Mr. Walter himself as a means of exhibiting to the public a complete specimen of all the sizes of types in his printing-office. Several established favourites, such as *Watts on the Mind*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and others, he printed at his own risk, and several publishers employed his presses. Practical printers, however, stood aloof from the patent logo-

types; John Nichols, "the first printer in the country," pronounced the idea impracticable; and several adverse criticisms appeared in the *Morning Post* and other newspapers. Mr. Walter met these opponents by publicly offering a reward of 20*l.* to any one who would assist in detecting an infringement of his patent. Then the type-founders would have nothing more to do with logotypes, and Mr. Walter established a complete foundry of his own, which was attached to his printing-office, and advertised the sale of logotypes to business or official men who had reasons for executing any work of secrecy or amusement. Some friends, too, after a time thought less of the new system than at first, and then the indignation of Mr. Walter was great. What! logotypes not superior under any circumstances to the old fashion? He knew and had tried both, and would prove their efficacy by a crucial test; he would show practically to the whole world that not only books but daily newspapers could be printed better and cheaper and quicker by the new word-types. Not a day was lost in putting the idea into execution, and soon the necessary arrangements were made for the constant and regular supply of information from town and country. This was no great task at a time when reporters as a class and special correspondents did not exist. The latest news was gathered from private correspondence, and was promulgated first on 'Change or in the coffee-houses. The short numbers printed by the most popular newspapers rendered their publication and diffusion a matter of comparative ease. Mr. Walter arranged with tradesmen in various parts of the metropolis to sell his papers and to receive communications, affording at the same time unusual facilities and advantages to advertisers.

On January 1st, 1785, was born in Printing-house Square, No. 1 of the *Daily Universal Register*, bearing plainly on its face "printed logo-

graphically." It opened with an address to the public on the need of a new and vigorous journal, and especially upon the advantages of such a newspaper being printed with whole words instead of single letters. The entire scheme of logography was explained and extolled in a succession of articles, while artless letters from anonymous correspondents, asking "upon what grounds Mr. Walter presumed himself entitled to the patronage of the public," enabled him to prolong his defence indefinitely. Notwithstanding all these efforts the *Daily Universal Register* did not secure more than a moderate amount of public favour: its title was cumbersome, and Mr. Walter determined after a time to change it.

On January 1st, 1788, the *Times* made its first appearance, and was numbered 940, the last number of the *Daily Universal Register* being 939. We have now reached well-trodden ground. How Mr. Walter was prosecuted several times by government for speaking too plainly; how he was heavily fined, condemned to prison and the pillory; and how, nothing daunted, he persevered in working for the public good, are matters of history. The *Times* for some years continued to be printed with logotypes, although the hard logic of facts began to convert even Mr. Walter himself, until at last he submitted to their disuse. The exact period when logotypes were abandoned in Printing-house Square is unknown, for although heralded with trumpets when born, they were buried in silence. No leader announced their death, nor did any anxious correspondent ask inconvenient questions. Probably the only relics now remaining of this complex system of printing are the few words which were exhibited last summer at the Caxton Celebration; there they attracted considerable notice, for they were the seeds from which sprang the *Times*.

WILLIAM BLADES.

AN ITALIAN STUDY OF BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

THE following study of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is taken from¹ a volume of essays lately published at Naples. The writer, Bonaventura Zumbini, of whose friendship I have the honour, succeeded the late Professor Settembrini in the chair of History of Literature in the University of Naples, and is one of the most prominent among the group of Italian critics of which Francesco de Sanctis is the oldest and the most distinguished representative.

Of the other five essays in the volume one is upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and forms a sequel to that upon Bunyan; another is a criticism of the *Lectures on Literature* of Professor Settembrini; the remaining three are devoted to Leopardi, and form a prelude to the larger work upon that poet on which Signor Zumbini is engaged. The whole volume, from its method and manner, deserves the attention of those who are interested in the fate of literary criticism, a subject in which there are so many amateurs and so few adepts.² But what should more especially commend it to the notice of English readers is the fact that a phenomenon so peculiarly English as Puritanism, and a work so peculiarly English as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, should have received at the hands of an Italian so appreciative a study.

It is now beginning to be recognised that among the functions of criticism that of interpreting the literature and art of one country to the people of another is one of the most important, and the present essay upon Bunyan is a remarkably conscientious and successful attempt to fulfil this function. To an English reader, indeed, much that is said here of the general cha-

racter of Puritanism should be substantially familiar; but the special applications made to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, no less than the illustration thus given of critical method and principles, will, I think, invest what may seem old with a fresh colour and significance. I only regret that I have been unable in the translation to reproduce more adequately the rare combination of lucidity, felicity, and energy, which (as even an Englishman can feel) characterises the style of the original.

Signor Zumbini begins his essay with an introductory sketch of the "two currents of new ideas" which stirred England at the beginning of the sixteenth century: the one represented by the adherents of the "new learning," "whose Christianity, with few dogmas and no church, was a profound philanthropy made beautiful with classical culture," the other embodying the principles of the Reformation anticipated two centuries before by Wyclif. He traces the various phases of opposition and reconciliation through which these currents severally passed, until at the close of the sixteenth century the Elizabethan world, which had been created by their fusion, seemed suddenly to disappear, and the element of Puritanism emerged not less suddenly in full possession of the field.

Of the analysis of this new element, to which Signor Zumbini next proceeds, space prevents us from giving more than the results. Making his point of departure the prodigious influence of the English translation of the Bible, due to "the most complete assimilation ever made by individual or people of a series of ideas and conceptions not their own," he contrasts the position of the Puritan preachers with that of the great religious orators of Italy and France, and sums up as

¹ *Saggi Critici*, di Bonaventura Zumbini. Napoli: Morano, 1876.

² The same remark applies to Signor Zumbini's *Studi sul Petrarca*. Napoli: 1878.

follows the most essential qualities of Puritanism — qualities which, as he justly insists, are not to be looked for in the extravagances and absurdities of the fools and fanatics of the faith, but in the great men who in the strength of it spoke, preached, governed, and fought:—

"The most striking characteristic of the Puritan religion is this, that it created anew the inner life of its followers so harmoniously, so fully, that everything in them was governed by a single idea. It took possession of the whole man, it made him all of one piece, as no faith, religious or political, has ever done. The early Christians were bound by the command of their model to give to Caesar that which was Caesar's, and hence their civil life had to conform to laws often at variance with those by which their inner life was regulated. The German Reformation was mainly confined to the emancipation of the conscience from the authority of Rome, and for this purpose it voluntarily allied itself with the princes who supported it against the Empire . . . The French Revolution, if it reconstructed the civil and political life of France, did not do the same for its religious consciousness; the old faith very soon revived again, and the few who had not this may be said to have never had any. But with the Puritans, notwithstanding their internal divisions, morals and politics were one and the same thing with religion. Individually at one with themselves, collectively agreed in the grounds of their faith, they were of all revolutionists who have ever been the most radical, the most unhesitating, the most logical, the most inexorable, and the most fearless" (pp. 133—136).

The question arises how the popular state of mind thus described affected the production of works of art; for it is as an imaginative work, as a poem, rather than as a manifestation of the Puritan spirit in general, that Signor Zumbini is here concerned with the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Great as have been the services of Puritanism to its country and the world, it is generally supposed to lack the glory of the arts and sciences; indeed it is usually charged with having destroyed those which the preceding century had produced in such splendour, and with being, from its very nature, incapable of producing them itself. Of science I do not speak; but as regards art the common opinion is inaccurate, founded as it is upon only one side of the truth. The Puritan faith, preoccupied above all things with the invisible and the divine, left little room for sympathy with the visible things of earth, and thus unfitted its followers for drawing life as it is, with its great passions and its storms. This is true. But it

does not therefore follow that it must needs be incapable of poetry: it only follows that it was bound to produce (as in fact we see that it did produce) a poetry altogether peculiar and conformable to itself. If the Puritan faith diminished on the one hand the emotional interest in life, on the other it stimulated in the highest degree those faculties which are the source of true poetry. As faith, in its truth and perfection, moves mountains and stops the course of rivers, so it brings before the eye in living presence that which is hardly conceivable by the intellect: and it was in this way that the Puritan faith made objects of sensible perception to its adherents those very 'invisible things' which in the century before had been the problem that tormented the highest intellects. In the characters of the greatest Puritans ecstasy and rapture formed a large element. They lived two lives, one inward and imaginative, the other external and real, a life of noise and battles, the very life in fact which they had given birth to in order to realise their ideal. Outside of those battles their souls were ascetic and contemplative, and their analytic faculties were held in subjection by feeling and imagination. Now such a state of mind is essentially a poetic one, the most poetic indeed that can be imagined; and those ecstasies and visions are already substantially poetry, for all great poetry is an effect of that mysterious form of life in which a man ceases to see and feel the things actually before him, and sees and feels others which are beyond the range of his senses. In this respect the ecstasy of the poet is in no way different from that of religious enthusiasm; often indeed the two are one and the same; the most sublime poetry in the Bible is the vision of the exile of Patmos. The Puritan faith then, within certain limits which, as we shall see, it imposed itself upon the creative faculties, was essentially poetic" (pp. 137—139) . . .

After a short sketch of Bunyan's life, the life of "a soldier, a controversialist, and a preacher," we are brought to the time when he lay in Bedford gaol:—

"There, in that abyss of pain, the most wonderful side of Bunyan's nature revealed itself, a side until then not known to himself, much less to others, the power of his imagination. Shut up in his own thought, he conceived a representation of the Christian life, not as it then was, or as it had been at any particular time or place, but as in its general characteristics it must have always been and will always be; a life surrounded with infinite

¹ Signor Zumbini quotes the fine passage from the *Paradise Regained*, iv. 288 foll., as showing "better than any English historian whom I have read, in what the Puritan's aversion to profane art really consisted, and how notwithstanding it they could be so capable of poetry" (pp. 140—141).

dangers, but rich in divine comfort, and made sublime by an expectation of supernatural destinies which no earthly force, no tyranny, religious or political, can destroy. . . . Such a representation of life is the *Pilgrim's Progress*" (p. 144).

The form in which Bunyan cast his work, that of a pilgrimage seen in a vision, leads Signor Zumbini to observe how these two figures, both biblical in origin, are frequently found to recur in the literature of times of strong religious faith, "when real life is regarded as a shadow, having its substance in something beyond it," and suggests a comparison with the form of Dante's great poem.

"As Dante, passing along the road of life, found himself in a wood, so Bunyan says, 'As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den,' this den being really the goal of Bedford. Thus, almost in the same words, do the two poets begin their visions, and the vision of each is that of a long pilgrimage, which the first makes himself while the second sees others making it. Both too, in describing the journey, portray that ideal of life which their contemporaries, distracted by worldly interests and passions, could no longer figure to themselves, and which these two men were predestined to bring into the light again in all its beauty and holiness. That this is their purpose they give us solemn notice, inviting their readers (again in almost the same words) to search for the lesson which is hidden behind the veil of their fiction:

'O voi, ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s' asconde
Sotto 'l velame degli versi strani.'

Inferno, ix.

And

'Put up thy curtains, look within my veil,
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail;
There, if thou seekest them, such things
thou'lt find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.'

Nor is it only in their general form and motive that the two poems have so much in common: Signor Zumbini notices the following as only some among the many resemblances in detail, occasioned by the nature of their subjects and their common biblical inspiration:—

"Like Dante, Christian is dismayed at

¹ "O you that sound intelligence retain,
To scan the hidden lore do you endeavour,
Below the cover of the mystic strain."

CAYLEY'S Translation.

having to climb the hill, and finds in Evangelist his Virgil, who saves him by showing him another way. Then he is all but turning back, when, as he is climbing the Hill of Difficulty, there appears to him, as to Dante, a lion, which causes him much fear. Again, as Dante's mind,

'Che ancor fuggiva,
Si volse indietro a rimir lo passo
Che non lasciò giammai persona viva,'¹

so Christian, when escaped from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, turns to look once more, 'not out of desire to return, but to see by the light of day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark.' And to Christian, too,

'L'ora del tempo e la dolce stagione'

was a ground for hope, for at that moment, 'the sun was rising.' The pilgrims of Bunyan, like him of the Divine Comedy, are sometimes aided by angels who appear when the need is most urgent, but, like Dante too, they are saddened not only by the difficulties of the journey, but by prophecies of misfortune which they will have to meet. Interesting also is the way in which they are sealed on the forehead by the Interpreter, recalling the seven P's which the angel of Purgatory stamps on Dante's forehead, as also the fact that they, like Dante in Paradise, are examined by Prudence in the matter of their faith."

The affinity of the two poems, however, is not confined to similarities of form, purpose, and treatment: as regards scope and subject-matter also they are closely related.

"The two poetical conceptions of Bunyan and Dante," says Signor Zumbini, "mutually complete each other, representing as they do the two parts into which, from the Christian point of view, the history of the human soul must be divided. In the poem of the Englishman we have the first part, the vicissitudes and condition of the soul while it is on earth, the first life: in the poem of the Italian we have the last part, the state of the soul in the world beyond, the second life. Death is at once the limit which divides, and the bond which unites, the two epics. It is true that with Bunyan also we reach the threshold of hell, where we hear the things that we have heard in the hell of Dante; and then again, we just touch the threshold of heaven, to be spectators for a moment of the triumphal entry

¹ "Thus did my spirit, fleeing evermore,
Turn back to look again upon that pass,
Which never mortal has with life gone
o'er."

CAYLEY'S Translation.

² "So that I found some ground for hope, I
ween,
From the sweet hour, and from the season
kind."

Ibid.

of the elect spirits; but to pass the threshold is impossible, for the poet will not accompany us further. With Dante, on the contrary, we have no sooner begun our pilgrimage than the earthly world is left behind us: it comes back indeed continually upon the scene, but always as reminiscence, as history, never as something actual, as in the English poem. And yet of these two parts of human history the one could not exist without the other: and hence each poet, while taking only one part for his theme, founded his conception, morally speaking, upon both; he represented only one, but this partial representation got significance, value, and even form from the profound understanding which he had of both, of the whole ideal history of the Christian soul. The two poets seem somewhat like two great actors who can play a single part in a tragedy marvellously well because they have a perfect grasp of the whole action which the tragedy comprises. And in fact, according to the Christian conception, the first life of man has no value except in so far as he has a second; while this again is nothing but the first translated into the supernatural. The eternal punishments and the eternal delights of the two opposite kingdoms of Dante (I do not speak of purgatory, which of course is not admitted by the Puritan poet) are the sins and deserts of earth put in action upon the two great supramundane theatres; and the sins and deserts which make up the life of Bunyan's pilgrims, are only the representations, in this world and by anticipation, of that which is to take place finally on the stage of a world beyond."

The outline of the plot of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which Signor Zumbini next proceeds to give, indispensable as it was for the understanding of his criticism by Italian readers, ought not to be necessary for the countrymen of Bunyan. We may therefore omit this section of the essay, and pass on to the point where the second band of pilgrims have come to the end of their journey, the river of death, and where, "when the old generation has all passed over, the poet wakes again, and the second vision also is finished."

"The poet wakes," continues Signor Zumbini, "and we wake too; for we also have dreamt the same dream. He himself had told us that it would be so. Among the other advantages to be had from reading his book, enumerated in the curious apology in verse which is prefixed to it, this was one, to 'be in a dream and yet not sleep.' And these few words, 'dream yet not sleep,' make me think that no one ever understood better than Bunyan, or at least expressed more simply, what is the true and chief effect of great

poetry. They are words so full of matter that a whole theory may be founded on them. A great poetical work comes to be for its readers what it has been to the poet, a waking dream. . . . When the fantastic forms, made sensible to us by the poet, first appear, the effect is like that of approaching sleep: things around us gradually vanish, and the forms of fancy become our sole company. . . . But if poetry rivals dreams in the intensity, it far surpasses them in the duration, of the illusion. The most divine visions of dreams, even if at the moment of waking we still seem to see them in the uncertain sunlight, are dissolved in mist the next instant. But the images which the poetic dream brings with it remain ineffaceable; the persons whom we have seen in it abide in our memory like those of our dearest friends; we know them by their acts and distinguish them by their voice no less than the individuals with whom we are most familiar. Of this character are the creations of Bunyan" (pp. 157-159).

. . . "Bunyan then achieved one of the greatest marvels of human fancy. But in order to appreciate its full worth we must understand the difficulties in the face of which he produced such an effect, difficulties of which some were quite peculiar to him, while others have not been present in the same degree to other poets. And this brings us to examine the special qualities of the poet and the poem. A great poet is two things, a poet like the few who are his peers, and a poet like no one but himself. And a great poem is a miracle which bears the impress of what we may call the double personality by which it was wrought. Of the general characteristics of a great poet it is easy to speak; mistake is impossible, for we know that he cannot fail to have them; but to lay one's hand upon those which are more special and intimate is very hard; and in this lies the whole value of criticism. No poet, I suppose, ever lived in so limited a circle of ideas and emotions as Bunyan. The son of a tinker, he had received a barely elementary education, and he afterwards unlearned even the little reading and writing taught him in his childhood, so that he had to learn it over again from his wife. In this way he got so far by his own efforts as to understand the Bible and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, and these continued to be the only books which he studied. Without science, without letters, without knowledge of the world, and always living in the same place in which he was born and where he performed his spiritual duties, the sole objects which he thought of, felt, or saw, by night and day, asleep or awake, were the ideas and emotions derived from those books, or from his own heart which they had stirred so deeply. Then, when the prison took him utterly away from human society, all the forces of his mind concentrated themselves in his fancy, and it came to be at once his supreme delight and his nature to look at all his ideas in images: to fancy was as easy to him as to breathe. And when he

began to meditate on the course and vicissitudes of the Christian life, the things on which he meditated were to him objects of sight as well as of thought; for though in themselves they were nothing but a series of abstract ideas, of moral or theological conceptions, in his brain they naturally germinated into substantial forms, organic and conscious, like seeds which spring from the ground into plants. Nothing is more wonderful than the reflection how such a material, so dry as it was and contained in an intellect so poor in science, could be the seed of a creation such as is his poem. There was nothing in the material itself to resemble any faintest stir of poetry, any merest rudiment of ideality: there was nothing in the poet to arouse or aid in the slightest degree, by way of external influence, the dynamic movement of the fancy: no mythology, which is itself the work of other fancies, the animated expression of conceptions and emotions which were once alive; no history, which is itself so full of poetry, of characters, of passions, of tragedies; no science and observation of nature, from which all great poets have drawn such wealth of colour and harmony. Look at Dante, for instance; how often in him one term of a comparison is a fact of nature, of mind, or of science, the suggestion or description of which illustrates the principal idea, and throws it into relief in a way which the material embodiment or direct representation of the idea itself could not have done. It is undeniable that these various resources greatly facilitate the work of the fancy in giving objectivity and personality to ideas and bringing the most abstract regions of thought within the range of sense; it is equally undeniable that its difficulties are proportionately increased when those resources are wanting. In poetry the abstract is nothing; Bunyan, then, is almost always creating out of nothing; and this is evidence of imaginative power of the highest order.

"There was, however, another difficulty which the poet had to overcome if he would work out his wonderful vision, a difficulty not less great, and one peculiarly his own; and this was, that while, as we saw, he wished to give us a waking dream, that is, to delight us supremely, he wished at the same time and above all to edify, and was ready whenever it was necessary to sacrifice the lesser aim of refreshing the senses to the greater one of saving souls. Hence, true to his purpose, he is constantly awakening us to the reality of things, for fear that we should forget it under the too powerful spell of the illusions which he has himself produced. And thus it is that the text of the poem is inlaid with quotations from the Bible, and the very margin of the pages is strewn with remarks, commentaries, and notes, which continually recall the religious purpose of the story and the things which it shadows forth. The personages themselves hold frequent and long discourses about religious dogmas, and duties: nay more, their very names denote virtues and vices, like so many

inscriptions hanging from their foreheads and saying to us, 'Now observe, these are nothing but shadows; you must think more about what they mean than about what they appear.' In short, it is Bunyan's own wish, contrary to that of all other poets, that his creations should have more significance as names than as persons. And yet, notwithstanding all this, these personages seem to stand there in flesh and blood before us, just as people might stand in real life to whom the caprice of their parents had given similar abstract names of virtues and vices. . . . Bunyan would like to be above everything else a theologian; but the theologian in him is vanquished by the poet. He would like sometimes to limit, sometimes to suspend, the consequences of his miracle; but the miracle takes place in its entirety, complete and unbroken. The English poet is like that enchanter in the mediæval fable, who could make incantations at his will, but the magic words once uttered, could not annul the slightest part of the portent which they produced.

. . . "In spite, then, of these defects, which may be called substantially voluntary errors, Bunyan's allegory remains complete and admirable. Nor is its perfection marred by certain others, which, like all real defects, are quite involuntary, and which consist in imperfections in the treatment of the allegory, such as contradictions between the allegorical form and the moral truth which it contains, or again between the different parts of the form itself."

An instance of such imperfections is that noticed by Macaulay, that whereas in the poem death is figured by a river, which naturally all the pilgrims must pass, Faithful nevertheless dies before reaching it; or again the want of correspondence with reality to which Signor Zumbini himself calls attention, in the fact that the order of the temptations and vicissitudes to which the pilgrims are subjected is determined by the moral quality of the sins which they represent, and yet that when once encountered they are not encountered again.

"But," as he observes, "these and like defects do not spoil the allegory; for having once become history, it does not oblige us to think about the comparative rightness or wrongness of its relation to the moral ideas. If the pilgrims and the places through which they pass are real things, where is the contradiction between the violent death of Faithful and the passage of the river by the others?" (pp. 161-168).

In spite, then, of the difficulties which Bunyan found in his way, or which

he himself put there, he succeeded in producing a great imaginative and dramatic work. It remains to ask—What is the peculiar quality of his dramatic power? "Among the human creatures which come from his hand, which have the most life and movement? And secondly, of what amount of passion are his characters capable, and to what height does the heat of their life and of the emotion which they awaken in us seem to rise?"

Like all great poets, Bunyan had the power of creating characters the most diverse; like all great poets, too, he had that of creating characters at once the same and different.

"Consider for a moment," says Signor Zumbini, "the two types of fearlessness, Honesty, who 'would have fought as long as breath had been in him, and had he so done is sure you could never have given him the worst of it,' and Valiant-for-Truth, who would not be afraid, 'though an host should encamp against him.' The deeds which they both do would not perhaps enable you to distinguish them; but if you observe a little, you will see how in the minutest details the individuality of each disengages itself, and stands out from the common background. You will see, for instance, how the former, when asked his name, is silent; then, when asked again whether he is he who is called Honesty, he blushes and says, 'Not honesty in the abstract, but Honesty is my name, and I wish that my nature may agree to what I am called.' But the second, when asked a similar question, though his name is more honourable than that of Honesty, at once, without any check of humility, makes it known: 'I am one whose name is Valiant-for-Truth.' Thus we have always before us a real creation, because the poet always presents us with a perfectly concrete object, and no two perfectly concrete objects are ever identical . . .

"As, however, was observed before, those qualities in Bunyan which belong to all great poets are obvious enough; what is important is to find those which were special to him, and those forms of life which he drew the most perfectly. Now it seems to me that, marvelously true as many of his personages are, the most perfect of all are those which reveal rather the weaknesses than the virtues of human nature, weaknesses, however, which, being joined to a sort of goodness, are so far from exciting our contempt that they win our sympathy. And in creations of this kind Bunyan is certainly eminently original, for he draws entirely upon himself, without help even from biblical reminiscences or images. The opinion that he derived so large a part of his poetry from the Bible, must be accepted with great limitations. No doubt he was

inspired by the Bible, for the supernatural was the very breath of his life. From the Bible he took all the truths, both general and particular, which are as it were the marrow of his fiction; from it too he got conceptions, images, and names both of things and persons. But if we understand poetry in its more intrinsic sense, if we mean by it the souls in his poem which are alive like our own, the beings the interweaving of whose actions makes a drama like that of real life, then I say he drew his poetry from the depth of his own heart. And one proof of this among others is that the least biblical of his creations are just those of which we have been speaking, those which reveal the weaknesses of human nature, and which appear to me to be the most perfect. Such a character is Fearing, an incarnation of timidity, a very Don Abbondio. It is true that what Fearing was most afraid about was his virtue, which he always thought too little for his need, and in so far he was much superior to our curate, whose principal object of apprehension was his own skin: but still, in that continual feeling of insecurity, in that eternal agony of fear which poisoned their lives, they are a wonderful pair of brothers, the like of whom can be found plentifully enough in life, but very rarely in the region of art. If in the world such men leave behind no fame, and Dante 'looked at them and passed by,' it is quite another matter when they are put before us by a Bunyan or a Manzoni. In such hands they have power to make us reverse the scale of worth; Fearing will seem to us more important than Greatheart, and a poor chicken-heart like Don Abbondio will steal three fourths of our attention from heroic characters like the Unnamed and Frederick" (pp. 169—173).

It would lengthen an article already too long to follow Signor Zumbini in the detailed comparison which he makes between the elaborate description of Fearing put by Bunyan into the mouth of Great-heart, and the portrait of Don Abbondio, gathered from various parts of *The Betrothed* of his favourite Manzoni. To those, however, who care to see how two great analytic and dramatic geniuses, separated so far by time, circumstances, and character as Bunyan and Manzoni, have struck tones so like from the same simple chord, these pages will assuredly be not the least interesting of the essay. We must now hasten to the last section, in which the writer deals with the second part of the question which he had asked, namely—What is the quality and degree of emotion which Bunyan's characters

realise in themselves, and which they awaken in us?

"The *Pilgrim's Progress*," answers Signor Zumbini, "if comparable to the greatest poems of all time for other artistic excellences, is not so in respect of the expression of the passions. Its personages have in the highest degree the qualities of objectivity, and, if I may say so, visibility, but their action upon the mind of the spectator is not equally great, indeed it is much more subdued than is usually the case with the personages of other great poems. Speaking generally it may be said that Bunyan's story masters the whole of our imagination and our faith, but barely half our emotion. His characters let us see all that they are, but they do not let us see the growth, the outburst, the shock, of their passions. Even those amongst them who are continually upon the scene, who perform before our eyes the whole of their journey to the celestial city, brief, rapid, and true as are the actions in which their personality unfolds itself, yet never give us any great development of emotion, anything to suggest the hidden tragedy that is going on within them. We have hardly begun to interest ourselves in them when new characters or new situations spring up and destroy our present feeling by insinuating a new one; this in its turn has only begun when it must give place to another, and so the process goes on; no one interest has a chance of abiding, no one feeling can become full and deep. In the 'lake of our heart' the war of tempest is never heard, for the winds that blow there are always soft, and often one goes down when another begins. Sometimes the stir of feeling is so slight as to make us doubt whether there is any at all: our interest in such cases is somewhat like that awakened by the beauty of natural phenomena, great curiosity but little or no passion. Even when the poet does take us completely out of ourselves, and makes us actors in his grand imaginary drama, our feelings are much less intense than those which we understand the personages themselves to be feeling; we are amongst them, and yet we are conscious of being much more tranquil, much less impassioned, than they.

"One reason perhaps of this lies in the fact that, by his constant employment of allegory, the poet was led to represent the passions as outside of the individuals in whom they grow, and under the forms of so many other persons. This, it would seem, must have hindered him from producing characters with the force, the emotion, the fire, and the contradictions too, which we admire in other great poems. It is true that this incarnation of the passions endows them with the greatest possible vitality; but it is a vitality which maintains itself at the cost of that of the really human beings to whom the passions belong, and from whom they have been detached and put in motion like so many independent entities. Thus while the passions and temptations gain greatly by

being embodied in such forms as Apollyon and Giant Despair, the gain is counterbalanced by the loss inflicted on the characters of the pilgrims, who can no longer experience the tumult of emotion, or the war of opposing thoughts, as they would have done had their passions been represented as they really are, as integral and inseparable parts of themselves. . . . Doubtless this is not Bunyan's universal manner; his pilgrims do often have inward struggles of doubt, remorse, self-contradiction; but notwithstanding this it is, speaking generally, true that the action of the emotions in his poem is allegorical and external, and that they lose in power over the spectator as much as they gain in plasticity of form . . .

"This externality in Bunyan's representation of the passions is however only one and a partial reason of the feebleness of the emotions which his creations awake in us. There is a general and stronger reason which explains fully the emotional lukewarmness which characterises not only this poem, but all the poetical conceptions of the Puritans, and that is, that a more intense exhibition of passion was not compatible with the Puritan consciousness. The different mode of expressing passion is that which more than anything else distinguishes the art of different times; compared with this all other differences are slight. The degree of passion in a poetical work enables us to understand the inmost essence of the work itself, the heart and consciousness of the poet, and the ideas which moved the world in which he lived. And thus nothing will throw so much light on Puritan poetry as the comparison of it with other forms of poetry in which there is more passion. Look at the amount of it in the English poetry of the age of Elizabeth. The greatest poets of that time were sceptics in their view of life; to them the world beyond was an unknown, perhaps it was nothing; to die was to go they knew not where. The present life was everything; it was precious for its own sake, for the exercise of the powers which were in it: the more awake, the more alive, the more active the passions, the greater the worth, the more intense the pleasure, of life; and the pleasure, not of the senses only, but of the whole soul conscious of its highest energy. The very travail which comes of the problems of existence, the very pain which comes of its perishableness, nay, any pain which heightens and multiplies the powers of the soul, all these are supreme pleasure: life is like the sea, its greatest beauty is in its storms. Such was the consciousness of life, and its manifestation in art was of a corresponding character; art likewise reached her highest value when she displayed its powers at their fullest; and hence the poetry, especially the dramatic poetry of the second half of the sixteenth century is the most passionate, the most highly strung, the most tempestuous, of the modern world. The personages of Marlowe and of Shakespeare are the heroes of human passion; in many of them it is so manifold and of such force that

they seem to be working out a separate drama within themselves over and above the general one in which they are taking part. And as their feelings are, such are those of the spectator; the impression produced upon him often comes with the crushing and annihilating force of an inward catastrophe. No religious belief compels or persuades the poet to lessen the amount of feeling, to make any reduction of life. For him the expression of every kind of emotion, of good and of evil, is limited by no conditions but those of his art.

"But the same is not the case in Christian art. The genuinely Christian poet observes a certain principle of choice and proportion in his procedure, because he is acting, more or less consciously, in obedience to his faith; and to the eye of faith, which finds no mystery in the world beyond, our life and history on earth lose a great part of their worth: or rather, to put it more correctly, their worth is always relative, and increases, not in proportion to the intensity of the feeling, but in proportion to its more or less perfect coordination with, or subordination to, higher principles and ends. Art here, as in other cases, naturally conforms to the general consciousness, and the reduction which takes place in the emotions takes place also in their expression" (pp. 177-183).

Out of the long and changing series of works of the imagination in which the mind of Christendom has found utterance, Signor Zumbini selects two, which he considers typical, for comparison with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante and *The Betrothed* of Manzoni. We must here confine ourselves to his remarks upon the former.

"In the *Divine Comedy* the Christian consciousness sometimes conquers, sometimes succumbs, accordingly as Dante gives way at one time to it, at another to the tempests which rage within him. When the latter is the case he carries the most violent passions into Paradise itself, in open contradiction of the Christian theology; St. Peter flashes into anger at the iniquities of the popes, all the saints change colour, Beatrice herself wears another aspect, and the whole heaven reddens like a cloud at evening: paradise for a moment becomes like earth, a little even like hell. But paradise soon returns: we are so rapt, so exalted, by everything that we see there, that we not only remain untouched by wretched human passions, but see man and his history grow less before our eyes and dissolve into nothingness. In the many marvellous tragedies which the sacred poem contains there is a fire of passion always burning, sometimes cruel and almost wild; but yet, if we look closely, its utmost excesses are almost always prevented from finding æsthetic expression by a sort of inward self-control in the

poet. Another still more noticeable point is this, that the mere fact of our seeing these tragedies represented in supernatural worlds is enough to make the passions lose somewhat of their harshness and of their influence over us. The unearthliness of the scene tempers the violence of the action, for on that scene, with the world so far away from us, we are compelled to look at all human actions historically and see clearly the ultimate effects of our deeds. Even in those moments when the story of Francesca makes us afraid to lift our eyes from the ground, or that of Ugolino is racking us with horror, even in such supreme moments of emotion, we see and feel a something in the scene which brings us back to ourselves: the thunder of the infernal hurricane which never rests, the shiver comes over us from the eternal chilliness, these are visible signs of God, the terrible and omnipresent judge. And here and at every other point in the three realms of Dante we seem to hear a secret voice which murmurs to us something more awful than the human tragedies of which we are spectators, something mysterious and eternal, which forbids us entirely to forget ourselves, entirely to abandon ourselves to the current of emotion. . . . (pp. 183-185).

The Christian imagination, then, as represented by Dante (and Signor Zumbini thinks that the same would be found to be true in various degrees of all genuinely Christian imagination), "does not allow æsthetic considerations alone to determine the limits of passion; the limits which it imposes are narrower, and between them and those imposed by beauty the interval is considerable. But the reduction which the Puritan consciousness makes, both in the quantity and quality of passion, is infinitely greater. We have seen what were its characteristics. It saw and felt nothing in the world except the divine, and it restricted the divine to the permanent insight into the supernatural order of things, the omnipotence and justice of the God of the Bible, or rather the God of the Old Testament. From the Puritan point of view the history of man shrinks into littleness, and the infinite light which rains unceasingly from the presence of God makes all things that are outside Him appear empty shadows. According to the Catholic faith conformity of thoughts and acts to the law is a way to salvation; indeed by our works we can do more than obtain, we can seize, paradise. But according to the Puritan faith, which adopted the terrible doctrine of Calvin, all the best human works that could be done in the course of all the ages would not suffice to save a single human soul unless grace had first been instilled into it. Hence the Puritan poet does not allow the passions that absolute worth which they have for the English dramatists of the sixteenth century, and scarcely even a part of that relative worth attributed to them by the Christian consciousness in general. And even when he does descend more deeply into life, he does not mingle with it unreservedly, nor find in it

that attraction and delight which have captivated poets of a different belief. He suggests rather than describes the moral facts; he indicates rather than represents the passions; he is more anxious to refine than to kindle the emotions, and to make art a mirror in which man may see the reflection not so much of himself as of heaven." (pp. 186-188).

In thus representing the "emotional lukewarmness" of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as mainly arising from a general tendency inherent in the Puritan spirit, Signor Zumbini raises a question which it is far beyond the limits of an essay to answer—the whole question of the relation of Christianity to art, which involves the still wider question, What is the meaning of Christianity? Here it is enough to draw attention to the sense in which Signor Zumbini himself understands the word. In his view the distinctively "Christian consciousness" is that to which "our life and history on earth" have only "a relative worth," and that to which their worth is relative is "a world beyond," which, instead of being unknown and therefore irrelevant, is to the state of mind called faith an open mystery, and just for that reason reacts upon and throws into the shade the present or human life. This general characteristic of the distinctively Christian consciousness was, as he conceives, exaggerated by Puritanism, which drove the distinction between "the human" and "the divine" to its extremity, and by restricting the latter to its narrowest limits divested the greater part of human action and emotion of its poetic interest.

Few would deny that the tendency to cut life in two, and thus to empty it of half its meaning, has been inherent in certain forms of Puritanism, as it has been in certain forms of most other religious movements. But does this tendency explain, entirely or principally, what Signor Zumbini well calls the "reduction of life" which we find in the work of Bunyan? It would rather seem that this reduction was occasioned quite as much by the limitation of his understanding and culture as by the peculiar character of his religious sentiment. Most poets

exhibit passion in greater variety than Bunyan, but few in greater intensity. His belief limits his sensibility, not because it relates to something far off or unreal, but in accordance with the general psychological law that any one dominant law tends to dwarf the rest. The man who wants nothing but power "will jump the life to come;" the man who wants nothing but salvation "puts his fingers in his ears and runs on, crying Life! Life! Eternal Life!" Passion is not less present because its object can only be represented to the imagination as millions of miles or millions of years away. The "dualism" of the religious consciousness has its reverse side: "He is in heaven and we are on earth" is echoed by "He is not far from every one of us." And the same is equally true of the immediateness of human passion: the answer to "What is love?" is often "'Tis not hereafter," but often too it is

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow."

Not the dominant conception of "a beyond," but the crudeness with which the conception was held, and the consequent monotony of the images which it supplied, seem to give the reason why Puritan poetry is often so wanting in emotional power. Bunyan himself, when he feels at all, does not let his feeling be damped by his belief that most things ordinarily esteemed are absolutely worthless. All great passion is human, and on the heights of passion all great minds meet. There could hardly be two more totally different works than the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; but the death of Cleopatra can be paralleled by that of Mr. Stand-fast—

"Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life."

"His countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him, and after he had said, *Take me, for I come unto thee*, he ceased to be seen of them."

R. L. NETTLESHIP.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XII.

ROUND THE FIRE.

LADY RIVERS's covetous longing after Emmie West as a convenient sick nurse who might, without scruple, be kept constantly in attendance was not a mere passing fancy. It recurred again and took the persistent shape of an invalid's craving, when a succession of imprudences had brought about a state of health that made Dr. Urquhart speak warningly, and at last obliged Sir Francis to interpose his authority against further trifling.

Mrs. West came often to Eccleston Square, and while Alma was driving or visiting with the Kirkmans, spent long mornings and afternoons shut up in her sister's close dressing-room, and then went out into the cold January air to make her way back to distant Saville Street, and reached home exhausted and shivering, to the loud-spoken indignation of Emmie and Harry, but to the silent satisfaction of Mr. West, who, from the depth of his present humiliation, saw a possibility of advantage in this renewal of the intimacies of old times.

Mrs. West was companion enough for her sister as long as actual suffering lasted; her soft voice and sad eyes and resigned phrases were felt by Lady Rivers to be the best safeguards to have about her so long as she was obliged to admit the shadow of a distant dread into her thoughts; but when she began to think she might dismiss that fear to another season, Mrs. West's grey presence was discovered to be a little oppressive.

"Poor Emmeline," Lady Rivers would say to her husband, when he went to her sitting-room a few minutes before dinner to congratulate her on having had her sister's company

through the afternoon. "Poor Emmeline is not much of a companion for me now. She never had any spirit, and she has let herself sink dreadfully under her misfortunes. She cannot see that there are a great many alleviating circumstances in her case, though I tell her she really ought to see it. We all have our anxieties, and if I were to look only at mine I should be melancholy enough. The trial of poverty is nothing to the trial of parting with one's children. Indeed, I tell Emmeline that if I could keep a dutiful daughter like her Emmie always with me I don't think I should care very much for anything else. She confesses that she finds it an immense comfort, and she has promised that I shall have Emmie to stay here for a week or two while I am so closely shut up, and while Alma's time is too much engaged with visitors for her to be often with me."

"I don't see why Alma should not give up her time to nurse you as well as Emmie West."

"My dear, what are you thinking of? I would not be so selfish for the world. I should be miserable if Alma were shut in here with me in this close room, losing her complexion and everything, just at this time when so much is going on of immense importance to her. I am not selfish."

"Emmie West's complexion is not of any importance then?—There is nothing selfish in shutting her up."

"My dear, we can so easily, in so many little ways, make it up to the Wests. Why, as we are not likely to give dinner-parties till I am about again, I have ordered one of our weekly hampers of poultry and game from Longhurst to be sent to Saville Street, instead of here. Mr. West is a man who values a second course to

his dinner, and to be able to give it him is an immense comfort to poor Emmeline I find."

"It balances the loss of her daughter, who is, you say, an immense comfort too, eh! But, my dear, why have you not thought of doing this before, if they really cannot indulge themselves in game, unless it is sent to them? I fancy if I were to look back, I could find in some corner of my mind recollections of dinners in Saville Street, when the second course was something of a treat to us too. I have no time for such matters; but how is it that you did not think of the game sooner?"

"When we were giving two dinner-parties a week ourselves, it was impossible to spare it; and besides, I always think it is a pity to let such things grow into a habit. They would have depended on its coming every week, and it would have been no particular pleasure or gratification just now."

"When it comes as payment for shutting up poor little Emmie; you are a financier lost, my dear. However, if her complexion is to be sacrificed—it is a very pretty one, by the way, and beats Alma's altogether—I think I should like the payment to be of a more durable kind than a few hampers of poultry and game. Our success with our own sons does not warrant interference with other people's, or we might offer to do something for one of the West lads."

"Yes, something suitable for them, and that would not be burdensome to you hereafter, such as getting a presentation to Christ Church for Aubrey. There is nothing Emmeline would like so well as that."

"You think so?—well, when I can get a moment, I will make another pilgrimage to Saville Street and speak to West himself about the boy. If he were not such a sulky brute, and did not take such pains to prove that he can be as insolent to me now he is a poor man, as he used to be when he was rich, I should go there a great deal oftener, and need not feel such a

sneak as I do now when I see any of them."

"It's very absurd of you, for I am sure we have always been quite as kind and friendly since their misfortunes as they could possibly expect. And you must not suppose I am not intending to do more for Emmie, if she pleases me, than you know of at present. I have thought of a plan very much to her advantage, which I have no doubt I shall be able to manage, though I don't speak of it till I see a little more clearly how things are tending with Alma."

"Don't let it be a matrimonial speculation, however, my dear. You have a great genius for management, and I assure you I feel a sort of awe of your cleverness, when I occasionally get a glimpse into the intricacies of your plans; but I doubt whether the result, as shown in your daughters' marriages, will be so much better than my placing of my sons, as to make it worth our while to take the guidance of another set of lives into our hands. Let Emmie try her own luck in getting a husband, without your meddling in it."

"Of course not, I shall not think of anything of the kind for Emmie West at present; I should feel it quite treacherous towards Emmeline, who wants her to be useful at home, and to make herself pleasant to friends, who can help her brothers on in the world. It will be time to think of settling Emmie in five or six years, and then, if anything suitable turns up, I'm sure I shall be ready to make her a handsome wedding present—perhaps I shall give her that set of garters and pearls I wore when I was presented, which Alma does not like. If she makes at all a decent match, and she is rather pretty, I think I will give them to her; but you may rest assured I have no husband in my head for her as yet. My plan is a very kind one, but the least likely in the world to lead to matrimony."

Ignorant of prospective plans for her benefit, Emmie was just at this

moment seated on the hearthrug in Air-throne, whither she had flown on her mother's return from Eccleston Square, to carry to her two friends the astounding news that she had been invited to spend a fortnight with Aunt Rivers, and that her mother wished her to go, but left it to herself to decide.

The tremendous words were spoken, and Emmie clasped her hands round her knees, and looked breathlessly at Katherine Moore's face, waiting for some word to drop from the lips of her oracle that would give the determining weight to one of two opposing inclinations which were struggling for the uppermost place in her mind. She had been nursing an indignation fit against the Riverses in general and Alma in particular, for a whole month, and she was angry with herself for feeling anything but disgust and vexation at the notion of having to spend a fortnight in their company. Yet a certain pleasant surprise at such a recognition of her individuality as was involved in a special invitation from Aunt Rivers, would mollify her prejudices somewhat; and beyond even this lay a flood of eager imaginings about the great unknown world she believed she was now called on to take part in. As Katherine did not speak at once, she put in another subtly-guiding remark to provide against a rash verdict.

"The boys are dreadfully disgusted, of course; but I can't quite make out what Harry really feels. He said at first that he had rather we all went to the workhouse at once than turned bit by bit into convenient hangers on to the Riverses. Yet just as I was leaving the room to consult you, he said he did not see what there was to consult about, for if my going spared mamma, of course I must go, and think nothing of it. But we have our feelings—our principles of independence, I mean—eh, Katherine?—even we girls, have we not?"

"It seems to me quite a simple matter not involving any principle,"

answered Katherine, calmly. "If your mother wishes you to go, and it will spare her fatigue, why do you hesitate?"

"Stay," said Emmie, who did not quite like to have her important question treated so slightly, "you must remember that it is years and years since we have any of us been asked to spend even a night in Eccleston Square. Such a thing has not happened since the—the—great break-up. It is like a new beginning, and we must think what it might lead to. I could not stay at their house without getting to know their friends; perhaps the Kirkmans. If Mr. Kirkman himself—the Mr. Kirkman—were even to speak to me, or offer to shake hands, how ought I to behave to him? Can I help remembering how often Harry and I have said that we hate him?"

"I thought you had a great talent for putting yourself into corners in Aunt Rivers' house?"

"For one evening. But a whole week of corners! It would be very hard. I don't think I should like that."

"Yet your spirit is rising to meet the hardship. I see it in your eyes," said Katherine, smiling. "You will go and come back with a budget of experiences. I shall not be surprised to hear that you have talked politics with Mr. Kirkman in your corner, and persuaded him to lend his drawing-room to David Mac Vie for a temperance lecture."

"You are laughing at me, Katherine, and I am very much in earnest," cried Emmie, covering her eyes with her hands. "I wish I knew—I wish I knew——"

"What?" asked Katherine. "Whose thoughts on this important matter are you trying to read in the dark?"

Christabel believed that she could have finished Emmie's sentence, and was mischievously disposed to do so, till she found that the words were likely to come stammering from her lips too, just because a certain name would have to be spoken which she felt it

difficult to bring out quite naturally before Katherine. While she hesitated, and as it seemed in answer to her thought, Casabianca thrust his head into "Air-throne," and whispered, as through a speaking-trumpet—

"I say, look out! Mr. Anstice has called to inquire after Miss Moore, and Mildie is coolly bringing him up to 'Air-throne.' She's got her abominable chemicals spread out on the dining-room table, and she is ashamed, as she ought to be, of a visitor seeing 'em. Shall I stop them coming up?"

It was too late, however; steps and voices were heard approaching through the long dark passage, and Mildred, talking loud to disguise her consciousness of dingy fingers and two large holes burned in the front breadth of her dress, threw the door wide open and announced the visitor.

"He did not want to come up stairs," she explained in an aside nearly as loud as Casabianca's whisper, while Mr. Anstice was shaking hands with Katherine. "He wanted to go away when he heard papa and mamma were both out, but I thought you would all be so dreadfully disappointed not to see him; and I could not take him into the dining-room, because the bladder of laughing-gas has just burst, and the Gentle Lamb has got it into his head, and is jumping madly about over the chairs and tables."

Mr. Anstice here turned round to challenge Mildie's assertion that he had not wanted to come up stairs, and the lively argument that followed between them gave Katherine occasion to inquire whether Mildie were not bringing some of the laughing-gas up stairs in her pocket, and chased from Christabel's face the shade of disappointment that had fallen on it when her eye first darted past Mildred to the figure emerging from the darkness behind. She had looked higher for the entering face at first, almost up to the top of the low doorway; but "No," she said to herself, she had not really expected any one else to come in. That strange time when *he*

used to enter quietly at this time of the evening had fallen comfortably into a place among her dream-thoughts, and she did not want it to be disturbed again.

Emmie's cheeks too had leave to cool before any one looked at them. Then Casabianca pulled forward a long narrow box of Katherine's, popularly supposed, among the young Wests, to have a skeleton locked up inside it, to supplement the chairs, and they made a circle round the fire, and began to talk. Mildred alone possessed herself of Emmie's late station on the hearthrug, in order that, crouched into a mere heap there, she might the better hide the offending hands and dress from public view, while she watched her opportunity for insinuating questions on jurisprudence, a subject she was bent on making Mr. Anstice discuss with her. The conversation took a disappointingly frivolous turn for Mildie's purposes. Mr. Anstice seemed very well content with his seat on the skeleton's box, little suspecting, Casabianca thought with grim delight, what there was beneath him; and he broke the moment's silence that followed the bustle of settling themselves with another declaration of gratitude to Mildred for bringing him up stairs—

"To the pleasantest room in the house," he said, glancing backward from the circle of red glow round the fireplace to shadowy distances where the window, still uncurtained, cast a glimmer of white light on some papers piled on a table beneath it, and showed, large and fantastic, in a far corner, Christabel's easel, draped in a red cloak she had lately thrown off, and her embroidery-frame, with her hat stuck on one pole. Then looking up at the wreaths of ivy still hanging above the high chimney-piece, where Christabel had put them on Christmas night, he added, 'Or any house, I think; though what makes it so pleasant, and so unlike any other room I have ever been in, it would be difficult to say in a minute.'"

"I can," said Katherine; "it is pleasant only because it is lived in and worked in more constantly than other rooms."

"No, that won't do," objected Wynyard, laughing; "I know you are working women above everything else, but you really must forgive me if I can't let you arrogate all the work in the world to yourselves. I work a little now and then, and so do a few other men; but our rooms don't look like yours. My literary litter is hateful enough to look at I know. Now why do those brown leaves up there, for example, look as if some one had brought them from the depth of a forest an hour ago; instead of smoke-dried and miserable as in London they undoubtedly ought to look. There must be witchcraft in it."

"Of the broom then," said Christabel, "which we ride for an hour or so every morning, at a time when all the men in London, except policemen and sweeps, are in bed and asleep. If you could see us you would know what a fight with London dust means."

"It braces us for our other fights," put in Katherine, "but our work is not all combat; Christabel forgets to mention her duster, or I think it has been a cambric handkerchief lately, and I believe it has something to say to every leaf and tendril of that ivy-wreath every morning."

Wynyard gave a quick look at Christabel's face, and withdrew his eyes directly when he saw, what he had never seen before, a faint rose colour fluttering up and giving a look as of a summer morning's dawn to a face that generally made one think of moonlight. To cover his curiosity he hastened to speak again—

"Well, I give up the palm of industry to you then. I see you mean to do and be everything at once, and that there is no competing with you in that line; but I won't be made to believe that it is your work I am admiring when I know I want nothing but to be let into the secret of your play. The real kindness to a poor infe-

rior fellow-worker who gets heartily to hate his own belongings would be if, having let him inside your sanctuary, you would just forget he is there and go on talking exactly as you did before his intrusion. I know you were discussing something very interesting, for I heard your voices as I came upstairs and envied you. Can't you go on? To get right into the middle of a conversation and have it go on as if I were not there has always been a desire of mine since I first began to walk about London streets on winter evenings and get stray glances into other peoples' houses before they were closed up."

"Yes," said Emmie, "I know what you mean; the house over the way always somehow or other looks so much brighter than one's own."

"Except to the unfortunate people who have neither a home of their own nor one over the way to look into. I have two prospects from my chambers: one is into an immense workroom, brilliantly lighted with gas of an evening, where night and day the printing of a newspaper is going on. I don't despise it for an evening view. The passing backwards and forwards of the dark figures across the windows, that look like furnace mouths, and the monotonous throb of the steam-engine, which I can feel where I sit, are not bad accompaniments to my thoughts sometimes as I work. My bedroom window looks across a still narrower street into a long low room, a laundry, I imagine, where three or four women and as many girls stand and wash from morning till night. They come to their work in the early morning just as the night devils are leaving theirs, but I am sorry to say there is nothing angelic in their looks or manners to carry out the contrast. On summer afternoons, when all the windows are open, I have sometimes heard them laughing and talking together, but even that was not exactly exhilarating, and did not inspire me with a wish to explore their interior further."

"And you really don't know anything more about these people?" asked Katherine.

"Angels or devils.—Does one generally know anything about people divided from one by a brick or so in London?"

"I should have thought you would, since you observe them so closely, and say, as you did just now, that the sights and sounds make an accompaniment to your thoughts when you are writing."

"A kind of irritant that keeps the nervous energy up, that was all I meant. However, I won't deny that I have an acquaintance or two among the devils; but that is all in the way of work, and I was petitioning for play. We don't get any nearer the discussion I interrupted when I came in, which I am in hopes Miss West is going to start again for my benefit this moment."

"Yes, I will tell you what we were talking about," said Emmie, leaning forward from a low seat in the shelter of Katherine's chair, where she had partly hidden herself, and speaking hurriedly in one of those rash impulses to openness that sometimes seize upon timid people, "I will tell you, because it concerned people you know very well, and you will understand. Aunt Rivers has asked me to go to Eccleston Square and help Alma to amuse her while she is ill, and we were discussing whether I should accept the invitation or not."

"Discussing the claims of rival duties which press upon this helpful little person," put in Katherine, anxious to stave off the appearance of consulting an acquaintance on a family matter.

"You see, it was not at all interesting," said Emmie, her red lips quivering like a frightened child's now that she had spoken and the reaction to shamefacedness was coming upon her.

"Very interesting if one were allowed to hear those same *pros* and *cons* which seem to be all duties and to have nothing to say to inclination," answered Wynyard, with a glance of

tender admiration at Emmie's shy face, a glance which caused Katherine to recall her champion of the tumultuous meeting of a few months ago.

"I know the sort of talk; I could tell you all about it, if you'd listen to me," struck in Casabianca disdainfully. "Rubbish about whether this pair of gloves would do to wear again of an evening, or whether that pocket-handkerchief was fine enough! Now I'll tell you something. One day last year Emmie went to dine at Uncle Rivers's, and came back with her eyes red with crying—and shall I tell you why?—just because, as she was setting out, I picked her pocket of her handkerchief, and slipped in mine instead,—a jolly spotted cotton that had nothing much the matter with it except that it was not useless enough for idiots. Emmie dropped it under the table at dinner-time without knowing it was not her own, and a fool of a footman brought it to her into the drawing-room afterwards spread out upon a big silver tray. Now need she have cried about such a thing as that?"

"I did not at the time so that any one could see me," pleaded Emmie; "but the room was full of strangers, and Aunt Rivers looked at me and at it. You know the sort of look, don't you, Mr. Anstice? and you would have felt rather queer, with the footman standing straight upright before you, now would not you, if you had been me and had been there?"

"Very queer indeed—like knocking the fellow down if I had been myself and had been there, I'm afraid," said Wynyard hotly, picturing to himself the insolent wooden stare with which Lady Rivers's flunkey would perform the feat described, and those lovely wistful eyes of Emmie's falling under it. "However" (recovering himself), "I should in that case have been the greatest idiot there. You need not have vexed yourself. I can testify to there having been schoolboy tricks played in your aunt's drawing-room enough to make her recognise Casabianca's handiwork

in that one. She understood all about it, you may be sure."

Emmie shook her head.—"She was ashamed of me all the same; one knows well enough when one's relations are feeling ashamed of one; and I can tell you it is not a pleasant sensation."

"Certainly not, whether it comes from relations or old friends," said Wynyard, lowering his voice; "you know I have had my share of snubs from the quarter you mention before this. It is not exactly pleasant, but it puts one on one's metal. Shall we make a league together? If you take courage to brave another encounter with Jeames's silver tray—for mind you I can't believe that any one else in that house would be ashamed of you if you were dressed in spotted cotton handkerchiefs from head to foot—I will risk the cold shoulder from the higher powers and, welcome or not welcome, come from time to time to inquire how you are getting on, and to compare notes on our grievances. May I?"

He rose to take his leave as he finished speaking, and Mildie, dreading to lose her chance of picking up useful information, struck into the conversation in her shrill schoolgirl voice, and saved Emmie the embarrassment of answering.

"I think there ought to be sumptuary laws like those in Venice during the middle ages. Mr. Anstice, don't you think it would be a good plan for us to have sumptuary laws, to keep rich people from spending their money on footmen and ridiculous lace pocket-handkerchiefs and silver trays that only lock up the specie of the country? It seems to me that sumptuary laws are wanted, and I wish I understood why they did not answer when they were tried in Venice. Do you know, Mr. Anstice?"

Wynyard contrived to escape committing himself on either the historical or the economical problem, and after a little playful bantering of Mildie on the subject of her indefatigable in-

dustry, he took leave, turning back however at the door to ask when Emmie's visit to Eccleston Square would begin. This week or next?

Emmie answered as if it was now a settled matter that the visit should be paid, rather to the surprise of Katherine Moore, who could not perceive that anything had been said during the talk round the fire to set her scruples at rest or throw any fresh light on the subject.

Mrs. West was a good deal troubled when the time came for packing up her daughter's wardrobe in preparation for the visit. She held up garments to the light with many rueful shakes of the head, and stood irresolute for a quarter of an hour at a time with the emergency purse in her hand, anxiously balancing its slenderness against the manifest deficiencies in shoes, gloves, and minor adornments (for the greater wants must not even be thought of) which a review of Eccleston-Square dressing requirements made evident. Emmie took the purse out of her hand one day at last and shut it with a cheerful, resolute-sounding snap.

"Never mind, mamma," she said, creeping close to her and laying cheek against cheek, her favourite form of caress. "I can bear it, and I will not have you spend one penny of the poor little bit of emergency money left now on me, for I know what it is to you, darling—heart's blood; and since I can't, like Katherine and Christabel, fill your purse for you, I won't let you take anything out to spare my silliness. Besides, do you know, I think I am going to be *not* so silly. I believe I shall not mind now even if Alma does look surprised at the worn tips of my evening shoes when I show them by accident, or if Aunt Rivers says plainly that she thinks my hat and my jacket, and those dreadful green gloves that have not worn as well as they ought to have done for the halfcrown you spent on them at Christmas, too shabby to wear on a drive with her in the carriage. Perhaps they will save me from having to

call on Mrs. Kirkman, and that will be a good thing. Any way, I have a warm feeling about my heart just now that makes me think I shall almost like to be snubbed about my clothes, and that I can smile over the little sneers that used to make me feel so hot and ashamed. I don't know how it comes, but I believe it will last me all through the fortnight's visit."

"I know how it is, darling. It's just your love for your mother that keeps your heart too warm to feel the slights you choose to bear rather than add to her anxiety. I'm very grateful to you, my darling, for I know it is just that."

Emmie did not contradict her mother, but her fair smooth cheek glowed against the faded one that leaned towards it. She was not *quite* sure it was just that herself, yet what else could it be, and where was the use of talking? It was good for all parties that she should be setting forth on this important visit in an independent frame of mind, and there was no need to probe into its cause further.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSE-COLOURED RIBBONS.

THE heroism with which Emmie had armed herself for her visit appeared at first to have been a little uncalled-for. The anticipated trials did not come, and the disagreeables that cropped up as the days passed on were so unlike those expected that Emmie actually did not discover them to be grievances till the time for bearing them was almost over. She would not be so inconsistent as to complain of being shut up in her aunt's room, out of the way of all but distant glimpses of the gaieties going on in other parts of the house, when she had lately told Katherine Moore that it was the being obliged to go into company that she dreaded. Yet it must be confessed that when the first strangeness of the great house and the many servants was over, such a longing for

home would seize her and send her, towards the close of a long afternoon, into such disgraceful fits of yawning, that she was frequently obliged to make her escape from the close scented atmosphere of Lady Rivers's dressing-room and bring herself into wide-awake order again by peering over the balusters to the chief staircase, up which a group of afternoon callers would perhaps be ascending, in full view of Emmie's sleepy disconsolate eyes.

It was very silly, she told herself, to feel disconsolate by about the end of the first week, and to wish, oh so vehemently, that a flight up stairs or down would bring her to Air-throne, or land her in the regions where she and Mary Anne were accustomed to hold discussions and work out experiments, which gave the dinners and teas that resulted therefrom a better flavour than Aunt Rivers seemed to find in her dainty little meals. Yes, it was very weak-minded to grow home-sick after such a short absence, when another week would bring her back to the old cares and to what she had been used to call the gloom of Saville Street; and with little news to impart to the others, for really, except during the moments of those stolen peeps on to the staircase, any one might come to the house without her being the wiser, even *the* one person who would come expecting to find Emmie West in the drawing-room, and who might possibly feel a little disappointed at her non-appearance.

One day while Emmie was looking over the balusters a stout, long-trained lady, with a dazzling bird-of-paradise in her bonnet, suddenly looked upwards, and so evidently saw something in the distant perspective of the winding staircase to arrest her attention that a tall young man who was following lifted up his face and saw too. Only the top of a retreating head Emmie hoped, for though the first glance had somehow fascinated her and kept her for quite a second staring down into the broad, smiling, good-

humouredly inquisitive face that was turned up towards her, she had presence of mind to dart away before the younger pair of equally good-humoured inquisitive eyes had quite found her out. A sudden suspicion, turned into certainty by a moment's thought, shot through her and caused her to tingle all over. Yes, those were the Kirkmans: the mother and son whose names Aunt Rivers brought forward so constantly in her conversations with Emmie, and introduced even into those gossiping confidences with her nurse, which Alma used to frown upon.

The next day, and the next at the same hour, Emmie cautiously peeped again, just long enough to see the glitter of the paradise feather nodding on the drawing-room landing. Then she retreated into the dressing-room, robbed, she felt, of even the poor dissipation of watching the stairs, and devoted herself for the rest of the afternoon to reading aloud to her aunt. Somewhat monotonously, it is to be feared, for her thoughts were all the while revolving round and round one point—the possibility, namely, that another caller might come to the house and be shown into the drawing-room while that keen-eyed young man and his smiling mother were talking to Alma. Through a whole chapter of a novel filled with the most thrilling incidents Emmie would continue to see mentally one series of little pictures only. A figure mounting the staircase—the drawing-room door thrown open—and then the change that would come on a certain person's face as soon as a glance into the room had made him aware of its occupants. Next she wondered how it would be if, instead of being shut up here, she were seated down there, say by the fire-place, or in the window recess; would the new-comer, for want of something else to do, stroll up to her, and should she be able to say anything to soften the disgust and pain she could picture so surely on his face.

But it was only in the afternoons, during the hours when afternoon tea

and callers prevailed in the drawing-room that Emmie was guilty of monotonous reading aloud, or indeed of any other symptom of want of sympathy with the invalid who claimed her attention. On all other occasions she proved a most agreeable sick-room companion, and had only herself to thank if Lady Rivers found so much pleasure in her society that she could not bring herself to forego it even for an hour or two. It was sheer selfishness that caused her imprisonment, for Lady Rivers was too much engrossed just then with her own ailments to notice the unfashionable make of Emmie's winter dress. She only kept her shut up because such a listener as Emmie was too great a boon to be shared with any one who did not need the comfort of sympathy as much as she did.

It was something quite new to Lady Rivers to talk about her troubles to a person who looked up with interested instead of critical eyes, puzzled perhaps but still believing, and in spite of past prejudices, Emmie was such a person. Her nature was so essentially sympathetic that while Lady Rivers talked with her accustomed eloquence of complaint she could not help being mesmerized into an answering feeling of compassion. Possibly, after all, it was a worse state of things to live in a great, plentiful house, where everybody, from its master to the youngest of the servants, occupied themselves mainly in spiting and thwarting the mistress, in the fashion Aunt Rivers described, than like her mother to be struggling against the spite and thwarting that came from an empty purse only. Certainly her mother found less to say about her grievances and fewer people to feel bitter against. Poor Aunt Rivers!

And when Emmie tried her hand timidly at condolence, and brought forward, by way of tonic, stoical maxims learned from Katherine Moore, the conversations still flowed on amicably enough. Her velvety

brown eyes quite melted with pity and sweetness as she spoke, and it never occurred to Lady Rivers that Emmie West could be recommending contempt of riches, or indifference to the good things of this world to her. In her own opinion she stood secure on an eminence of aristocracy that involved obligations of its own, and she could listen to moralities, applicable to persons whose inferior station in life laid a different order of duties on them, without the least stirring of conscience.

Contentment was no virtue for her, who had always found she could gain any point she set her heart upon by worrying long enough, though it might shine sweetly as a grace in people who mismanaged their family affairs as poor sister West had done. It was, however, gratifying to find virtue in its right place, and Lady Rivers would put out her white jewelled fingers, and reward Emmie's hesitating little sermon with a pat on her cheek, or a caressing touch of her hair, while Emmie wondered and glowed with gratitude, and felt almost as strangely distinguished as if she had seen the stone statue in the square gardens come down from its pedestal, and hold out a welcoming hand.

"That child is really wonderfully pretty," Sir Francis remarked one day, after Emmie had left the room when he had come in and surprised one of those beaming looks of gratitude on her face. "I don't wonder at your keeping her hidden away here, my dear, if, like Madame de Sévigné, you hold to your reputation of mothering *la plus jolie fille à marier* in the market at present. You have never met Madame de Sévigné, you say, and don't know her daughter; that is your loss, my love, and perhaps also hers, for I think she would have written a very pleasant letter about you if she had had the luck to know you. No, she is not a person who has been putting notions into my head about Emmie West. I spoke simply from my own observation, and I am sorry that it differs from yours, for, proud

as I am of Alma, my conscience will never let me say that her nose is as well-formed, or her complexion so good as her cousin's, now I have remarked the difference. However, as you find Emmie West's looks only tolerable, don't you think that you might allow her a little more liberty, and show your confidence in Alma's supremacy by venturing the other into the drawing-room sometimes. It would be only common humanity, and might be indulged in without much risk, I should think. Horace Kirkman is too far gone in infatuation for Alma's grey eyes to be disturbed by those pretty brown ones of Emmie's, unless I am much mistaken, and if he could be so disturbed, I think we might all survive his defection. Your suspense would be over, at all events, and you could betake yourself, with Alma, to the South of France, where Dr. Urquhart urges me to send you till the spring winds are over in England. You would be free to go then without being reproached by your maternal conscience for taking your daughter out of the way of a splendid match, to promote which you have, I am afraid, been perilling your life all the winter."

This remonstrance was, presumably, repeated afterwards in some less irritating form, and enforced by conjugal arguments, to which Lady Rivers succumbed; for the next morning Emmie found herself released from attendance; and had the agreeable choice offered her of accompanying her uncle in the carriage to his law court, and of visiting a circulating library on her way back to select a fresh supply of novels for her aunt's afternoon reading—dissipations not to be despised by a young person to whom a drive even in a street cab was a distinct pleasure, and who had, moreover, a hazy kind of interest in law courts, having given a few moments sometimes to wondering how "people" looked in wigs and gowns whose faces without the wigs had become a standard of pleasantness. Did it alter a

person much?—would a friendly face in a wig look old and dignified, and could one reasonably expect such a one to be just going in, or just coming out, of that legal temple before which Uncle Rivers's carriage would draw up? Might one even venture to shake hands with a friend in a wig, and explain to him how one was situated with respect to afternoon callers.

Sir Francis Rivers did not interrupt a careful reasoning out of these problems by any ill-advised attempts at conversation during the rapid progress of the brougham which conveyed himself and his niece through "miles of London." He had come out of the house and put himself into the carriage with that peculiar expression on his face, hair flying, eyes fixed, lips working without any corresponding sound proceeding from them, which had inspired Casabianca with the notion of drawing a likeness of his uncle, as "Johnny Head-in-Air," and through the hour's drive there might just as well have been a bundle of rags on the seat opposite him as Emmie West for any impression conveyed to his mind by her presence. No need to care how shabby one's hat and jacket were in a drive with Uncle Rivers. The cessation of the motion when the brougham drew up did not bring Sir Francis down from the clouds all at once. He seized a bundle of papers, threw himself out, and was bustling down a long passage, which Emmie searched with her eyes in vain, when something seemed to stop his course suddenly. He turned round and came back to the carriage, "Johnny Head-in-Air" no longer, but that other edition of Uncle Rivers, whose keen glance, critical or kind, seemed to go down to the bottom of one's mind, and read one's thoughts.

"My child," he said, "I have not given James any orders where to drive. You must tell him yourself where you would like to go. Now you are out for the morning, you will be disposed for a little shopping, no doubt. Girls always want to buy ribbons or something, and

I dare say you forgot to bring your purse out with you. There, tuck that into your little glove, and say nothing about it to any one, but tell James to take you where you can spend it as you like."

He was gone quite to the end of the dark passage before Emmie had had presence of mind to smooth out the transparent bit of paper, whose crisp touch was so unfamiliar to her. It was actually a ten-pound note, and for the first moment or two the almost awful sense of responsibility in having to deal with such a sum brought Emmie more fright than pleasure. Ribbons, indeed! What could Uncle Rivers be thinking about? Did he know what he was doing? or ought one to keep the note untouched, and remonstrate at dinner-time? A recollection of the half smile that played round his lips when he said, "Say nothing about it to any one," was answer enough to this scruple. Perhaps a habit of giving away ten-pound notes inadvertently was one of the peculiarities which Lady Rivers found so trying in her husband.

With this suspicion, Emmie felt a new responsibility laid on her, not to get her benefactor into trouble. It was, moreover, impossible to keep the stately James waiting for orders at the door of the carriage a moment longer, and, on the spur of necessity Emmie named a shop where Alma had, she knew, been making purchases the day before, and during the long drive her tumultuous thoughts had time to settle themselves into a brilliant kaleidoscope picture of delight, her very fears and scruples fitting in as white lights to heighten the colours.

Yes, yes; she had been told to spend all this money as she pleased, and she would do as she was bid, and for once supply the wants of the feminine side of the household at home with a liberal hand. Her mother's first, then Mildie's, then her own, and there might even remain, when all these were provided for, something over and above wherewith to buy that Christ-

mas present for Mary Ann, which her mother had been so sorrowfully obliged to omit this year. Here was, indeed, a happy morning's work laid out. Yet the purchasing of her presents, when the time came for it—did not take so long as might have been expected. The wants to be supplied were not by any means fancy ones, and had been discussed between Emmie and her mother so often, that she had no difficulty in making up her mind what to buy. Just the very things they had talked of as needful, but impossible to come by, on many a long, rainy afternoon over their mending. Only, now that she had this money in hand of her very own, Emmie decided that the warm shawl for her mother should be softer and finer and of a prettier shade of grey than they had dared to dream of when they spoke of buying it some day, and that Mildie's new hat and her own might be chosen for once with more regard to what was becoming than to what was cheap—just for this once. The giving her home address as the destination of her purchases caused Emmie to colour violently, and almost tremble in her shoes, for she could not help fancying the shopman looked surprised, as if he knew the house, and thought her lavishness something monstrous. She recovered her equanimity, however, in the satisfaction of choosing one or two pretty things for herself, such as had never been so much as spoken of in Saville Street, ribbons and gloves and bows for her hair, that were to accompany her back to Eccleston Square, and be worn on occasions when she might make them pretexts for a word, or at all events, a look of gratitude directed towards her kind uncle. He might notice her finery and give her one of his knowing smiles, or just as probably he might remain "Johnny-Head-in-Air" for all the rest of her visit. Anyhow, the interest of having a private understanding about her ribbons with Uncle Rivers, would remain the same. It would be something amusing to think about, and

would make her feel more at home in the house, more like a person whose existence had been recognised outside the dressing-room, than she had felt hitherto. That was surely consequence enough to predict for a few yards of ribbon; but Emmie's purchases had a more important part to play than the one she anticipated, and before she had done with them they got twisted round two or three rather significant events, which gave a colour to the remaining days of her visit not altogether their own *couleur de rose*.

The first link of this ribbon-chain was a natural one enough, and was woven under the very circumstances Emmie had foreseen, and on the evening of the important drive. As there chanced to be no guests at dinner that day, and as an old neighbour had unexpectedly come in to sit an hour with Lady Rivers, Emmie was invited to accompany Alma down stairs, and had the pleasure of putting on her brightest set of ribbons before she had possessed them many hours.

Sir Francis remained silent and unobserving all dinner-time; but when the dessert was put upon the table he woke up, or rather tumbled down from some region of speculation into his own dining-room, and catching sight of Emmie seated opposite, he twinkled a confidential look across the table at her. Emmie quite thought it was the rose-coloured knots on her bosom and in her hair that attracted his attention and caused him to gaze on her approvingly for quite two minutes; but, perhaps, it was another sort of rose-bloom, deepening and deepening under his gaze, that had chiefly to-do with the undoubted pleasure his kindly eyes expressed. To save herself from appearing conscious, Emmie tried to turn her attention to the business of choosing from the fruit Alma offered to her, something that could not possibly have come from Golden Mount. On former occasions, when she had dined down stairs, no one had noticed her curious preference for the least

inviting fruits on the table; but to-day Sir Francis was watching her closely, and he exclaimed at the result of her long deliberation—

“What are you thinking of, child? Why you have picked out the only pear in the dish that is not worth eating. Where are your eyes? Let me choose for you.”

“No, thank you, uncle; I like the little pears best—I do, indeed!”

“Ah, you have never tasted a Golden Mount monster! It combines all the fruit-flavours in the world, from pine-apples to strawberries. Come, pass the dish! I will pare one, and you shall divide it with me.”

“No, thank you, uncle. Please, don't! I had rather not, *indeed!*” said Emmie, feeling that Alma was looking at her, and hardly knowing the amount of unnecessary earnestness and resolution she put into her second intimation!

“Hallo! What's the matter?” cried Sir Francis, greatly amused. “Is it a fast-day? or is this some pretty little penance we have imposed on ourself, eh?”

“Yes, what is it, Emmie?” said Alma, in a low slightly-scornful voice, which somehow put Emmie on her mettle.

“I don't want to eat any of Mr. Kirkman's fruit, because——”

“Well, my dear, go on, because—How has Mr. Kirkman been so unlucky as to offend you?” asked Sir Francis.

Emmie's courage was ebbing fast, so she stuck to her first beginning—

“Because it would be sharing the spoil, and I don't think one ought to do it.”

“Emmie has got hold of some of the popular prejudices against Mr. Kirkman,” observed Alma; “she does not of course know anything about him.”

“I do,” said Emmie, looking full into Alma's eyes; “I understand a great deal more than you think.”

Alma's eyes fell under something she read in Emmie's; and Sir Francis, a good deal surprised, continued the conversation—

“I did not know you were a politician, or a political economist, my dear. You can't really know anything about Mr. Kirkman's ways of making money. I don't suppose you have ever heard a single fact of his life.”

“I know one thing,” said Emmie, her voice trembling between timidity and indignation. “Mamma, who knew him long ago, told me that when he was managing a mine in the neighbourhood where she lived then, he used to pay the people who worked for him in goods instead of money, and that he cheated the women and children by selling them bad food. I think these great pears and grapes of his that are made out of all those people's hunger ought not to taste well to him, and I should not like to help him to eat them.”

There was a moment's awful silence after Emmie had ended her eloquent speech. Alma picked up one of the big pears, which Sir Francis had half drawn out of the dish, and restored it carefully to its former position in the pyramid of which it had formed a part, and Sir Francis drummed with three fingers on the knuckles of his left hand, smiling all the time as if he was determined not to let himself be embarrassed by what a pink and white faced chit, like the one before him, could say, and yet had not a crushing answer ready.

“Ah, there is Horace Kirkman's knock at the front door,” he said at last. “He takes it pretty much for granted that he is welcome to spend his evenings here—that young fellow. Emmie had better run up quickly to mamma, I think, for if she and Horace Kirkman meet while she is in this red hot state, we shall have a new version of the battle between the “doves and the cranes” enacted on the premises.”

Emmie did not wait for a second permission to escape, but she felt very miserable as she untied her rose-coloured ribbons in her own room before going to her aunt, to read aloud to her for the rest of the evening,

while Alma played and sang in the drawing-room to Horace Kirkman.

Had she been very ungrateful? Had she taken more upon herself than she had any right to do? for, after all, what business was it of hers, if Alma chose to marry Horace Kirkman? Of one thing she felt certain—she had offended Alma, and must not expect anything but cold looks and distant words from her during the rest of her visit to Eccleston Square. For this she could not help grieving. Alma had shown her many little acts of kindness lately, and however hard she tried, Emmie could not live for ten days in the same house with her cousin, without falling so far under her fascination, as to care a great deal about the sort of looks she had from her. It was all the sweeter surprise, when quite late that evening, just as Emmie had taken the last pin out of her hair, there came a little tap at the door of her room, and Alma's face looked in.

"What! no fire!" she said, "and it is quite a cold night. How lazy of the housemaids. I must speak about it to-morrow. But my room is next door; bring your brush and comb there, and we will have a talk over my fire."

It was the first time that Alma had ever given such an invitation, and Emmie felt considerably flattered, especially when she found that the talk was to be a real *tête-à-tête*; for the maid had gone to relieve guard in Lady Rivers's room, and Alma was dealing with her own shining plaits herself, and looked as ready for a gossip as ever did Christabel Moore when she stole down to Emmie's chilly little bedroom from the attics, in evening dishabille, for a specially confidential chat. This room of Alma's was something of a contrast to that other one, and Emmie felt wrapt in a dream of comfort and luxury, as she sat on a low stool by a blazing fire and watched the little streams of gold dropping through Alma's white fingers as she undid her braids and shook the rippling glory all about her. In this

one respect, in spite of Sir Francis's disparagement, there was no comparison between the cousins. Emmie's soft dusky hair was well enough, and made just the right setting for the perfect oval of her face; but Alma's hair was a distinct beauty in itself—its crisp, wilful waves and fitful lights and pale glooms seeming as full of individuality and character as everything else about her. Emmie took up and stroked a long coil of hair that had rippled down to where she sat, and said, I "wish Christabel Moore could see it."

"Christabel is the little pale one, who always gets behind her sister, is she not?" asked Alma, indifferently.

"She is the artist," answered Emmie; "that is why I wish she could see you just now with your hair down."

It was the nearest approach to a compliment that Emmie had ever ventured on, and Alma, reading the sincerity with which it was offered in Emmie's admiring eyes, repaid it by asking a few questions about the Moores, hitherto a tabooed subject in Eccleston Square. She did not expect to be interested in hearing the history of her aunt's lodgers, but she was; her questions came quicker, and after one long answer from Emmie, Alma sat musing silently, quite forgetting to roll up the coils of hair she held in her hand.

"I could do that," she said at last, decidedly. "The kind of life you have described is not hard. I don't think I should object to toil, or even poverty, if I had got straight down to it once for all, and if there was nobody who had expected better things of me looking on to reproach and complain over me. Emmie, I don't know why I say this to you; I don't think that till to-night I minded very much what you might be thinking of me, but I feel now as if I must ask you, once for all, not to judge me hardly for anything you may hereafter hear of my doing—not very hardly. Unless you could stand exactly where I do, and feel all the influences round me, all

the little threads pulling me, you can't judge fairly. You don't know how hard it is to resist what comes to one with the very air one breathes, or how often, when I think of doing some things, I wish for a hand to be stretched out strong enough to save me from myself—from that half of myself which everybody about me feeds while the other starves."

There was a short silence when Alma finished, for Emmie's breath was coming so quickly that she could not command her voice to speak at once, and besides, could she have understood rightly? Did Alma mean her to understand, and might she answer in the only words that her conscience would let her speak after such an appeal, though the very thought of speaking them brought a chill feeling as of a cold wind blowing through her heart.

"I think the hand is stretched out," she said at last, "but you won't see it. I—I wish you would. Alma, dear Alma, I wish you would."

Alma finished putting up her hair, and then she bent down and kissed Emmie between her eyes.

"You are all trembling and cold," she said. "Poor child, I ought not to keep you up late when you tire yourself out waiting on mamma all day. You are a good little thing, Emmie—a good little thing, and I am glad we know each other better now than we did before you stayed here; but your world is so different from mine, you must try not to judge me."

"Good night, then," said Emmie, making a necklace of her arms so as to hold down Alma's face near her own till she had finished what she wanted to say; "I am only a little thing compared to you, but let me just tell you what Katherine Moore——"

"No," cried Alma, smiling, "not what Katherine Moore says; I won't hear a word more of hers to-night. She is miles above me, and she knows nothing of me and my world."

"Then I will say something quite new to you," Emmie whispered;

"something that I have never said to myself before. Whatever your world may be like, I don't think it will be worth living in if you let love slip out of it. Don't do that, Alma, for you can help it if you will."

"Can I? Good night. It is actually striking twelve, and I cannot let you speak another word to-night," said Alma.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. KIRKMAN'S KISS.

EMMIE got up next morning with a strong impression on her mind that "silence was golden;" and she made several firm resolutions while she was dressing about the careful government of her tongue during the remaining portion of her visit to Eccleston Square. Only two days more now; surely she should be able to live through them without falling foul of any subject that would again force words from her lips such as she could not remember afterwards without agonies of shyness. She comforted herself with the assurance that there seemed every prospect of a quiet, uneventful time, to be spent monotonously in Lady Rivers's dressing-room, for she found, on leaving her room, that Alma had had a note from Constance, begging her to take the opportunity of Emmie being with their mother to spend two days with her, and Sir Francis was sure to take himself out of the way in the evenings of Alma's absence.

The first day passed smoothly enough to put Emmie off her guard, but on the next, on the very last day of her visit, unexpected trials of temper assailed her, culminating towards evening in a great stress of circumstance that brought her face to face with a self she had not known before to be alive within her. For five strange, fire-lit minutes this new, unexpected Emmie West woke up, and, as it were, stood forth and spoke outside the childish, familiar one, and then, in a great silence that followed

the outburst of speech, the new, passionate self had to be taken back and shut up a prisoner under bonds that one hoped might not have to be broken ever again. But all this happened at the end of a long, trying day; such self-revelations, such comings out of the kernel of the being to act irrespectively of old habits, do not occur without a great deal of previous emotion to lead up to them.

The rose-coloured ribbons again formed a link in the chain of small events that led to Emmie's second outburst of loquacity. Feeling the need of something to brighten her spirits, for Lady Rivers had been in a complaining temper all day, Emmie had adorned herself early in the afternoon with some shreds of her new finery, and Dr. Urquhart, who had lately taken to paying long, afternoon visits in Eccleston Square, and indulging his patient with a good deal of conversation after his professional duties were ended, chanced once or twice, in a semi-absent way, to fix his eyes while he was talking on the bright ribbon that fastened her dark hair, being puzzled perhaps to account for such an appearance on her head. Either this circumstance, or something unusual in his manner when he took leave of Emmie, put a sudden new thought into Lady Rivers's mind, which interested her so much as to make her forgo the just anger she might have felt against her physician for having eyes for any one but herself while visiting her. She magnanimously put this offence aside in her eagerness to follow out her discovery, and she experienced quite a glow of good-humour in consequence of her self-conquest.

"Urquhart," she began, meditatively, as soon as the door had closed behind the doctor. "Urquhart! that is a Scotch name, and a good one, I fancy. Do you happen to know, Emmie, whether these Urquharts of yours are related to Sir Colin Urquhart of Glen Urst. Your uncle spent a day once with Sir Colin when we were in Scotland, and

I would take an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to Dr. Graham Urquhart if I thought it would do any good."

"What good could it do?" said Emmie, looking puzzled. "I believe Sir Colin Urquhart is what Mrs. Urquhart calls a far-away cousin of theirs; but why should Dr. Urquhart care to know that Uncle Rivers has visited him?"

"My dear child, you don't understand these matters, and your poor mother is of course out of the way of thinking of them. It does not signify, however, as you have, fortunately, some one to take a little care for you when the right time comes. Long before then my mind will be quite free from all my present cares." And Lady Rivers took a pause of thought, and then continued, more to herself than to Emmie, "But no, I am not glad to hear of Dr. Urquhart's connection with the baronet, the owner of Glen Urst, a splendid place, I can tell you, Emmie. Scotch people think a great deal about family when they happen to have it, and unfortunately your father's bankruptcy was made so public, and now your poor mother's miserably, ill-judged step of letting lodgings; even our connection would hardly outweigh that with Scotch people; but,"—raising her voice and looking at her niece again—"never mind, Emmie, you have pleased me very much since you came here, and I never mean to let you slip quite away from us again. We shall be a great deal together by and by, no doubt. When Alma is married she will be so sought after and so much engaged in society, that I, like an unselfish mother as I am, shall have to make up mind to see very little of her; and then I shall lay claim to you, my dear, altogether. You will live here almost entirely, I daresay, by and by, and I shall have many little plans and schemes for you too. You will see, my dear."

Emmie's cheeks were blazing by this time, and she now rose from her seat and stood full in front of Lady Rivers's

sofa, looking at her with something in her eyes that almost took away her aunt's breath.

"I hope you will never make any plans for me, Aunt Rivers," she said. "I don't like it. I am sorry you made plans for Alma, and I hope you never will for me; and I don't mean almost to live with you by and by, for I am wanted at home; and I had rather stay there, whatever may have happened to make people ashamed of us. The Urquharts are not ashamed of us; they are good friends of mamma's and mine, and we don't want them to be anything else. I hope you will never speak like that of them again, Aunt Rivers, or I can't come and nurse you next time that you send for me."

"My dear, what are you thinking about? sit down—you startled me," said Lady Rivers, who was actually too much cowed by the indignation in Emmie's face, to be all at once as angry as contradiction usually made her; "you are misunderstanding me, I'm sure, and you must not look at me in that way, when I am thinking of nothing but how to be kind to you. I wonder you have the heart. There, you see, you have quite shaken me, and I must have my drops again, or I shall not be able to settle comfortably, or get a wink of sleep the whole evening."

Emmie found and administered the drops and then resumed her seat by the sofa; but though she said no more, there was still something in her face and manner which so roused Lady Rivers's instinct of self-justification, that she could not give the drops a fair chance of composing her, but felt obliged to launch out into fresh expostulations.

"You ought not to be so independent, Emmie; you ought not, indeed. A girl, with four brothers and a sister, all utterly without prospects, and with a mother in weak health, to say nothing of a father who has twice failed in business—not very creditably—a girl in such circumstances as these should be very humble, and

thankful to any one who speaks of holding out a hand to smooth her way in life. She should not have too much confidence in herself. Good looks are not everything, no, nor the power of winning favour either, if she chanced to have that. Why, even Alma has not found everything to her mind; she could tell you, if she pleased, how possible it is to be deceived and disappointed in people who appear at one time to be devoted to you. Whatever your uncle may choose to say, there is no one equal to Alma. I don't say it's impossible to have more beauty, but I do say that I never saw any one who had such charming ways, or who made people get so fond of her; yet even Alma has not met in one quarter with the treatment she had a right to expect. You may well look surprised, my dear; but I am telling you this for a lesson, and also to show you that if I do seem a little over anxious about my dear Alma's prospects, it is not without provocation. I am not a schemer; with such daughters as mine I have had no occasion to scheme; but I naturally could not sit still quietly under the idea that Alma had been neglected. Happily that trouble is over now, and as things are turning out I am more than satisfied. We can look on the old disappointment as a great escape now, for even if Mr. Anstice had behaved as he ought, and avoided quarrelling with his uncle, he would never have been as good a match as Horace-Kirkman, and I should never have liked him half as well."

"But Alma—but Alma herself?" said Emmie, in a breathless whisper.

"Alma is convinced that a girl may very well be mistaken in choosing for herself; and that it would be mere perversity in her to go on preferring a person who has once failed her."

"Does Alma think he failed," said Emmie, still in a half whisper; "does she call *that* failing?"

"My dear, you know nothing about it," answered Lady Rivers, a little impatiently. "A man of the world

should know well enough that he has no right to aspire to a girl like Alma, unless he has something suitable to offer her, and if he wilfully throws away all his fine prospects for the sake of crotchets and scruples, that half the world don't understand, what can one think of his affection for her? A girl of spirit cannot possibly permit herself to be so treated."

"But if she knew he loved her all the time," persisted Emmie; "and that he hoped she would understand him, and like him the better for standing up for what was right, even at the risk of not getting her at once; then—oh, Aunt Rivers, do you suppose Alma does not know that?"

"You are talking great nonsense, I think, Emmie, and growing quite excited again. What is the use of my taking drops if you look at me in that startling way, and touch me with such a hot, trembling hand? I don't understand you at all to-night, and I wish I had never begun to talk to you. What can you know about Alma and Wynyard Anstice more than I have told you? How can you possibly form an opinion on the subject?—an ignorant child who has never been anywhere."

"I am sorry I touched you with a hot hand," said Emmie, no longer in a whisper, but in a tone cold enough to heal the burning touch of her fingers; "and I am sorry we began to talk, since it has disturbed you so much, Aunt Rivers. Perhaps I had better leave you for a little while, and send Ward to give you your afternoon tea."

"Yes, indeed, I think you had better go away, for you have not managed me at all well this afternoon, I must say, Emmie. Your uncle would have been quite surprised if he had heard the tone in which you spoke to me just now, and would have had less to say for the future about your sweetness of temper. However, you tell me you are sorry, and as I never take offence, I shall say no more about it, but allow you to come and read to me after I have had my tea, as usual—and you may give me a

kiss before you go, if you like. You had better go down into the drawing-room, I think. I did say I would see Mrs. Kirkman, if she called to-day, but I hardly feel equal to the exertion now. Mrs. Kirkman's voice, and her musk, and the rustle she makes with her dress in moving about are very overpowering when one is not feeling strong. I should like you to speak to her for me, Emmie, and to tell her that I am sorry I cannot see her, and that Alma will certainly be back to-morrow in time to keep her engagement for the flower show. Now, don't forget that part of the message, Emmie; and speak it as pleasantly as you can. There is no saying what good might not follow to your brothers, if Mrs. Kirkman were to take a fancy to you; and instead of looking proud and vexed, you ought to be grateful to me for giving you the chance of making a favourable impression on such an influential person."

Emmie gave the kiss required, with more reluctance than she had ever felt in bestowing a kiss, since long past nursery days, when the servants in Saville Street had been wont to remark that Miss Emmie had a pride and a will of her own for all her sweet looks. Then she betook herself to the drawing-room, hoping in that ample space to walk off the excitement that was making her heart beat so quickly and her cheek burn. She hoped devoutly that Mrs. Kirkman would not come just yet, not till she was in a fit state to meet her with the dignity and distance with which such an antagonist ought to be encountered. Her brothers, indeed! As if Harry and Casabianca were of the sort to need that their sister should curry favour with any one on their behalf. No, it would not do to think of that. Emmie's steps quickened and quickened, keeping pace with the rush of indignant feeling, till even the long drawing-room seemed a confined space to walk up and down in. Yet the thoughts that were waiting behind these surface ones were more agitating

still—Alma—Mr. Anstice—that hint about Dr. Urquhart, which seemed to Emmie just then a cruel attempt to rob her of the one consoling spot in her life by bringing bitterness and confusion into the very land of Beulah itself.

She left off pacing the room at last, finding it did her no good, and went and stood in the window recess between two great pyramids of rare exotics in pots, that had been sent from the Golden Mount conservatories the day before, and were filling every corner of the drawing-room with their strong spicy odours. It was raining out of doors a very deluge of rain, but even when standing quite close to the well-fitting double windows Emmie could only faintly catch the sound of the sweeping wind and rushing tempest, under which the trees in the Square garden were bending their black heads; while the foot-passengers on the pavement below cowered and fled to the nearest shelter. Outside in the storm seemed better to Emmie just then than inside among the flowers; and the contrast between within and without struck her with a curious, angry pain. She looked round the room: there on the piano was Alma's music lying scattered about, the songs she had sung two evenings ago to Horace Kirkman; here were the flowers breathing themselves out, as it seemed, to Emmie, in silent payment for those songs, and for the smiles that went with them. A confusion of thoughts whirled up into her brain, till she could almost have believed that the trumpet-shaped blossoms hanging round her changed themselves into veritable brazen trumpets, and were blaring out harsh sounds that summoned her, and her brothers, and all the world to come and bow down before the great Kirkman image of gold that Aunt Rivers had set up. Yet even this fantastic picture did not present itself coherently, for it seemed to Emmie now that the trumpet-flowers had changed their note, and were calling on her to pass through a burning fiery furnace to

save Alma from having to bow down. Gradually, however, her thoughts steadied, the flower-trumpets left off singing and swinging, and Emmie discovered a word, a sentence that remained clear in her mind when all the seething anger and the fancies had drawn themselves away: "Mr. Anstice ought to know, even if you have to tell him yourself; he ought to know the danger, and that Alma sometimes, if only sometimes, wishes to be saved from it." This was what conscience said at the end of all.

During the thickest of her fancies, Emmie had heard, without noticing the stopping of a carriage before the front door; but now in the calm that had followed, the voice of her old enemy James announcing Mrs. Kirkman reached her understanding quite distinctly. It brought her out of her recess her ordinary self again, excepting only that she drew up her head a little higher than usual to encounter the entering visitor, and offered her hand without any appearance of shyness.

Mrs. Kirkman was somewhat surprised at the cold, dignified air with which Lady Rivers's message was delivered to her, but not being a person apt to take offence, it did not occur to her to be the least in the world quelled by it. She would have been quite ready to patronise one of Fra Angelico's angels if he had stepped alive towards her out of a picture, psaltery in hand, and to offer him tickets for a concert or a dinner at the huge palace Mr. Kirkman had built at Kensington Park Gate, if it had occurred to her, from the scantiness of his tunic, that his purse was scantily filled. His angelic beauty and his airs of heaven would have had nothing awful about them for her.

"My dear, let me sit down," she said, "and then I can listen comfortably to what you have to say to me. The stairs in this house are rather steep compared to ours, which Mr. Kirkman had made on purpose to suit me, and my breath is just a little

short. There!—I have untied my bonnet strings, and—yes, here is my fan—now I know you won't mind sitting down opposite me, and telling me exactly how my friend Lady Rivers is to-day. I have a right to be anxious; and Alma has told me who you are, and all about your making such a nice quiet companion to your aunt while she is sick. You won't mind answering a few questions, will you, my dear?"

Emmie felt that she might just as well throw a bucket of water up at the sun, with a view of extinguishing its light at mid-day, as attempt to put out the radiant complacency of that large motherly face by any frosts of reserve within her command. She had to give in without any show of resistance, and to submit to the squeezing of a fat hand laid over hers to emphasize the questioner's anxiety or relief at the information she elicited by a series of close inquiries such as Emmie could not imagine she would ever have ventured to put to Alma.

"You see I am so glad to have an opportunity of getting the truth from some one," Mrs. Kirkman remarked, after an interval of fanning. "Mr. Kirkman was getting fidgety. He's a man that don't like to hear of sickness or death coming in to put back arrangements that he's set his mind upon. He ain't been used to it, for things always do seem to fall out as he wishes; and if by chance anything of the kind happens to hinder his plans, he's apt to get impatient, and fly off one don't know where. I would not say this before your cousin, but you will understand, my dear, why a serious illness of Lady Rivers would be a great inconvenience, and worse than an inconvenience to us just now. Oh, yes, I see you are quick enough to guess that it is not only of Mr. Kirkman I'm thinking; there's some one else who would dislike even more than he to be shut out from this house by anything untoward happening. You look a little surprised,

my dear, at my speaking so plainly" (for Emmie had, in fact, raised her eyebrows with an expression that even Mrs. Kirkman could not quite overlook); "but I am a very frank, talkative person, and everybody who has to do with me must take me as I am; and though perhaps you mayn't know it, my dear Miss West, matters have gone so far between Eccleston Square and Kensington Park Gate that you and I may as well begin to look upon each other as relations at once. I hope you have not any objection, for I have not. I never had but one child—my Horace—who was from the first too sturdy a fellow to put up with much mother's petting; and I've always longed to get pretty young girl-things like you about me to make much of."

The full-blown, smiling face had got alarmingly near by this time. Emmie felt the warm, puffy breath on her cheek, and the Paradise feather nodding into her eyes. She could not put up her hand and push it away, that would be too naughty and childish, however vehemently she might wish such a course of action were possible. She could not even openly shrink, for it was a motherly face after all; she could only drop her chin an inch or so to save her pouting, quivering lips, and receive the sounding salute, when it came, in the middle of her forehead.

"There," said Mrs. Kirkman, laughing, and holding out both hands, "you'll know me again, my dear, when we meet next. Help me up from my seat, for I must be going; and I ain't as active as I used to be twenty years ago. I don't mind confessing it to you, but four sumptuous meals such as Mr. Kirkman will have put on the table every day at Kensington Park Gate ain't quite the thing for me, not being exactly what I was brought up to. Why, what a colour I have given you! And it was only an old woman's kiss, after all—not deserving of such a pretty blush as that to come after it. You must take this fan

of mine to cool your cheeks; it came from Paris only yesterday, and maybe you'll find more use for it than I shall. What! you say you had rather not take it? My dear Miss West but you must. I'm not one to be said 'No' to. That's something I've learned of my husband; and seeing how well it has answered with him, I hold to the lesson. Besides, you need not be so shy; it's a pretty toy, I daresay, but I've a dozen others at home, and I really want you to keep this as a token that we are to be fast friends by and by, when— Well, as you shake your head, and don't seem to like me to say *when*, I won't finish my sentence, but leave it as a crow to be plucked between us on some gala day, when perhaps you'll be glad enough to escape with only my kisses; Mr. Kirkman not being the man to let off such a pretty bridesmaid as you'll make without giving him his due at his son's wedding."

Mrs. Kirkman had talked herself nearly to the door, and Emmie was following with a vain hope of being allowed to thrust the fan back into her hand at the last moment; when James's voice, announcing another guest, was heard close behind them. "Mr. Anstice."

It came like a thunder-clap on Emmaie, just because, ten minutes ago, she had been planning how she would act, and what she would say, if such an unlikely circumstance as Mr. Anstice's appearance on this, her last afternoon, should fall out. Oh, why had fate taken her so cruelly at her word, and put the task she was dreading upon her so soon, before she had well had time to summon up resolution for it. She quite forgot her anxiety about the fan, and flitted back into the middle of the room before she took any notice of Mr. Anstice's entrance, feeling that the first necessity was to put as great a space as possible between herself and Mrs. Kirkman, and put an end to those dreadful inuendoes of which (terrible

thought) he might possibly have overheard a word or two.

In a moment the drawing-room door shut behind Mrs. Kirkman, and then, before Emmie had settled it with herself that most likely he had not heard, she felt, rather than saw, for she dared not look up, that Mr. Anstice had brought a chair near to the sofa, on which she had seated herself, and was beginning to talk to her. Wynyard was surprised to find that her shyness continued after the first few moments, when he had tried his very best to put her at ease with him, by talking of Saville Street, and making flattering allusions to Katherine Moore, and to that discussion in "Air-Throne" to which he had been made welcome. He grew quite concerned at her downcast looks and her silence. He was always very much at home with her himself, and had a tender, half-playful, half-affectionate feeling towards her—such as he might have felt towards a young sister, if fate had been so kind as to bestow such a treasure on him—a feeling full of repose and sweetness, without any of the excitement that Alma's presence brought. He thought he should very much like to make Emmie look up at him just now, and to comfort her if there was anything really amiss. It never occurred to him that the cause of her trouble could possibly react on him in any way, or be any concern of his.

"What is the matter?" he said at last, when there had been quite a moment's silence. "I don't think you listened to what I told you just now of my having met Casabianca in the street this morning, and I have a more important anecdote about him in store which I cannot possibly bring out unless you will look up and seem interested. Come, now, did we not make a bargain to tell each other of our grievances in this house? If you will begin, I will go on. Mine are quite serious, I assure you, and yours I am convinced cannot go beyond James and Casabianca's silver tray,

for I gathered from Miss Rivers, when I called last week, that the whole household is at your feet since you came to stay here. Won't you look up and tell me?"

He was not at all prepared for the real pain in Emmie's eyes when she did look up.

"That lady who left the room as you came in," she began, abruptly, "was Mrs. Kirkman. She has been sitting here talking to me for a long time."

"Well," he said, a little puzzled, "she is a very good-natured person, is she not? I met her the other night at a *conversazione*, and she did not frighten me. I was even a little relieved, I think, to find her so big. It gives a reason for the Brobdignagian Palace they have built at Kensington Park Gate that reconciles one to it a little. She has not done anything very bad to you, I hope?"

"She gave me a kiss," said Emmie, her lip quivering so piteously as she spoke, that the words came out with difficulty, and she had to pause to bring them into order for something else that was to follow.

Wynyard felt tempted to laugh for one second, the contrast between Emmie's extreme agitation, and the cause assigned to it struck him as so comical. Then all at once his very heart stood still, for a thought came like a flash of lightning, warning him of a blow that he must call up all his courage to meet manfully.

"You have something else to tell me," he asked, slowly; "I should like to hear it at once if you don't mind."

"She said," Emmie went on, looking away and trying hard to empty her voice of significance; "she said she kissed me because we, she and I, were likely to be relations soon."

"And she meant——"

"Her son and——"

"Miss Rivers! Well, I did not think it would be that; not anything quite so bad as that."

The words were spoken so quietly that Emmie looked up relieved for a

moment, and then she could not remove her pitying, remorseful eyes from the face (always a mirror of feeling), which told a great deal too plainly of the stress of the blow she had dealt. It was dreadful to see the pain, the look of death upon it. She felt like a murdereress, as if she had really plunged a dagger into a living heart, and was watching the life-blood flow out. How was she to bring out the words to which this information was meant only to lead up? There was no use in speaking them just now; he could not take them in till this life and death struggle was over.

It really lasted only for a second or two under her eyes. The instant Wynyard recovered himself enough to know that she was looking at him, he sprang up and moved away. Her soft, pitying gaze seeming to carry a sting of agony with it just then. In a minute or two, he thought, this live pain with which he was struggling for very existence, as it seemed, would be a dead one—dead with how much else of his very soul extinguished with it. He strolled to the piano where Alma had played to him on the evening when he had resolved to take up again the hope of winning her, and saw some music lying about with Horace Kirkman's name written on it in a bold hand. That sent him further away still to the window recess where he stood for some minutes among the flowers, inhaling their strong perfume without knowing at the time what the impression on his senses was, although similar odours remained hateful to him to his dying day, and always brought back something of the horror of confusion and pain he suffered then. It was not the loss of Alma only that was such a blow to him. He had, at least, believed himself to be prepared for that, ever since the change in his worldly prospects had altered their relations to each other, though there had never been any taking back of old admissions of preference by Alma herself. He had often thought of losing all future right in her; but

this way of losing seemed to involve a great deal more than the actual loss in the future. It was a shattering of all the thoughts of her that dated from the first bright dawning of imaginative love in his boyhood when she had summed up perfection to him; a making all the past as empty as it seemed the coming years were to be. Alma and Horace Kirkman! He knew a little of Horace Kirkman; not one bad thing that could be said to stamp him as unworthy; but just a number of very small things which to Wynyard's mind revealed the man's character plainly enough: boastful speeches, little meannesses as the reverse side of ostentatious lavishness, a coarse word or two in an overheard conversation, showing, he thought, a nature that the Alma of his dreams would have shrunk from instinctively. How could his recollection of her stand out pure and clear by the side of this other utterly distasteful image? And Wynyard knew all the time that these were only first thoughts born of his own selfish pain. The pity for her, the longing to save her from what he knew would be misery in the end, the remorse for this first harsh judgment of her, the struggle to put her back in her supreme place, and worship the fallen idol as devoutly as ever, would all have to be gone through in their turn—long, long vistas of pain.

He was just rousing himself to the thought of where he was, and to the necessity of getting away from a place where he was liable at any moment to encounter Alma herself, when he felt a timid touch on his arm, hardly a touch—it was more like the flutter of a little bird's wing hovering near; and looking round he saw Emmie standing by his side.

"I am going out of the room now," she said. "I would have gone before, but—but—before I go I want to tell you why I repeated Mrs. Kirkman's words to you just now. I thought you ought to know—because——"

"You were quite right," said

Wynyard, gently, "and I thank you for it."

"Because," continued Emmie, who could only go straight on, and felt she should be lost if the prepared words were to slip from her. "Because, though Mrs. Kirkman and Aunt Rivers say it is to be so—as I told you—Alma herself speaks differently. It was one night when she and I were sitting together alone; but——" she paused almost frightened at the change, the sudden, eager hopefulness that sprang into his face; "do you think I ought to repeat to you what Alma said to me alone?"

"You need not, thank you," said Wynyard, recovering himself after a struggle that had prevented words. "I understand enough to thank you with all my heart for caring enough for me—for her—to say what you have said; for giving me so much hope, and trusting me so far. It may not make any difference, I think, now that I should have tried what remonstrance could do without it; but perhaps that is only because you have brought me back to life again. You said you were going, but I will go. I have intruded on you a great deal longer than I intended."

He had got to the door, leaving Emmie still standing among the flowers, when he turned suddenly and came back again. The colour had returned into his face, and the dawning of a smile was making it look itself again. "I want you to come away from among Mr. Kirkman's flowers," he said, "for I think there is something poisonous about them, and I'm sure you don't like them any better than I do. And there is another thing I want. I want you to promise me never to blame yourself for what you said to-day; for your kindness to me, whatever comes of it, you must not."

In the midst of his own pain it had occurred to him, with that instinctive reading of a woman's heart only a very high-minded man is capable of, that she would perhaps recall that

touch on his arm, those pitying looks she had given him; and when the excitement of the occasion was over suffer pangs of wounded reserve and pride on their account, and he wanted to save her from self-blame if he could.

"You must promise not to regret anything you have said this afternoon," he persisted.

"I will try," said Emmie, reading the kindness in his face, and feeling grateful, though her heart died under it like a weight.

Then he went, and she walked straight to the fireplace, and seated herself on the same low stool where Alma sat to read Agatha's letter on the evening of Constance's wedding-day. No idle tears, however, came to her to relieve her pain. She knew quite well that she had not time to cry. Aunt Rivers would ring her bell in a minute to summon her to give an account of Mrs. Kirkman's visit, and Emmie thought she had almost rather put out her eyes than let Aunt Rivers see them swollen with crying to-day. She pressed her fingers tightly over the dry, aching balls, and set her will to the task of seizing, and, as it were, repressing within the old bounds this strange, new self that had to-day performed feats, and spoken words she must not so much as think about again for a long, long time. To-morrow she should be at home, making tea for the boys at this hour in the little schoolroom, and having the prospect before her of discussing the weekly bills with Mary Ann in the course of the evening. Surely she should be quite herself again under that pressure, and need never let thoughts of what had happened here rise up to trouble her. Emmie's short experience of life had already taught her more self-control than she was usually credited with by those who only observed the sympathetic expression of her face. The victory over her agitation was quickly won, and when the bell summoned her she was ready to take into

her Aunt's room a face in which Lady Rivers was not able to detect any disturbance.

"So," she said, when Emmie had answered all her questions, "Mr. Anstice has been calling here again, has he? It is strange how slow some people are in finding out where they are not welcome. He must have seen the Kirkmans' carriage at the door, and Mrs. Kirkman herself. I wonder what he thought about it! Well, he will have to know the truth sooner or later, and it had better not be till all is quite satisfactorily settled, for I would not have Alma's mind disturbed just now for worlds. I think I shall write to Mr. Anstice myself then, a nice sympathetic little note, for after all he was very useful to Frank, and behaved particularly well when poor dear Melville got into that unlucky scrape at Oxford. I don't forget all that; but if I let him have early news of the engagement, and write to him myself, I don't see that he will have any right to consider himself ill used. He can't possibly be so selfish as to wish to stand between Alma and such a match as Horace Kirkman. He must surely see that he has nothing to offer comparable to that."

What Mrs. Kirkman, on her side, thought of Mr. Anstice, she was at that moment expounding to her son whom she had come across at the corner of a neighbouring square, and taken into the carriage during its transit across Hyde Park.

"Quite a high young man, and very handsome," she was saying. "I don't know how he comes to be calling so often at No. 17; but it strikes me that he looks very much at home in that house. He is not a relation of the Rivers, I know that, and though Miss Rivers and he were talking very intimately about old times and old friends one day when I came in, and found them together, I observed that she never called him anything but Mr. Anstice."

"Anstice," returned Horace crossly. "I know the man; a barrister and

scribbler in the papers; and those who know him best say that clever as he is he will never get very far, for he has a knack of always taking up the least workable side of every question. Christian socialism, temperance, I don't know what;—notions that would drive my father wild, and cannot, I should think, go down any better with Sir Francis. I don't understand your being so particularly taken with his looks, mother!"

"Well, there's a something—but mind, Horace, I don't mean 'airs' when I say 'high.' It's a something I've never been able to put my finger upon yet. Money won't give it, nor yet education, for you've had the very best of that, you know. It's done a great deal for you, and put you in a better place than your father and me, as far as society goes, though to be sure, you'll never be such a *man* as your father, but it has not given you quite the look and way with you that I've noticed in a few tip-top people, and though this Mr. Anstice mayn't have a penny to bless himself with, he's got *that*. I don't want to make you uneasy, Horace. I'm only telling you just what I see, and explaining why I think that if I were you I would try to get something settled in a certain quarter before very long. Your father hates a thing to be long in hand, and would like to see you engaged to-morrow, and married by the end of the month if it could be done, and we know well enough what Sir Francis' and Lady Rivers' wishes are. It's only the young lady herself."

"Only," cried Horace, turning away his head, and looking out of the window.

"Well, I never knew you backward in asking for anything you wanted before, my boy."

"Perhaps because I never wanted anything before so much as this," returned the young man, to whom love was already giving more effective lessons in humility, the root of good manners, than his various teachers

through a long and expensive education had been able to instill.

"Your father thought he was asking for a good deal when he came for me," said Mrs. Kirkman, smiling, and putting a big hand on her son's shoulder, "for I was his master's daughter, and had plenty of suitors after me. Shall I tell you what I had been thinking for a good while before he spoke? there now—that he was not quite the man I had taken him for at first, or he would not have waited so long. He found me ready enough, and though as I said before, you arn't your father, you're his son, and Kirkmans have generally got what they really set their minds upon ever since I have known anything of the family. Miss Rivers left word that she should not fail to be home in time to go with us to the Botanical Gardens to-morrow afternoon, and you have only to give me a look or a squeeze of the foot at any minute, and I will manage to keep out of the way."

"I shan't give you a look or a squeeze of the foot you may be satisfied, mother," said Horace. "I could not do it to command in that fashion, and yet, perhaps, you are right about the time, and I wish with all my heart that it were well over. But here we are at Kensington Park Gate, and there is my father's brougham at the door before us."

This conversation was one of the consequences that resulted from Emmie's hour in the drawing-room at Eccleston Square. A second result came to Alma in the form of a letter by the eight o'clock evening post on the following day while Emmie was making tea for the children in the back sitting-room at home, and wondering as she listened to the latest anecdotes and most recent Saville Street witticisms as retailed by Mildie and Casabianca, why her fortnight's absence should have stretched such a gulf between her and these once absorbing topics. When the note was brought to her, Alma was alone in the drawing-room,

waiting till she could make up her mind to go to her mother's room, where she was due, and make an announcement to her which it was doubtless also her mother's due to hear, before the event that had to be communicated was another hour old. Alma was trying to make herself believe that she looked forward to the caresses and praises which might be expected to follow her news. She ought to be glad to know that in a minute or two more she would bring so much satisfaction, such happiness to her mother. She ought not to shrink from the triumphant jubilee there would be made over her. It was the reward she had to look to, and reasonably she should be in a hurry to taste it. Just then the letter was brought to her and she took it and held it in her hand, looking at it by the fire-light stupidly as one does look at a well-known handwriting that one has not seen for a long time. How familiar it was, and how strange. Dreading what there might be inside the letter, Alma gave herself five minutes in which to recall the pictures that the look of those characters on the envelope brought back to her. Her schoolroom exercise books, when she was thirteen and fourteen, which had had many pages in a handwriting only a little less formed than that. Pages scribbled off in some great press of schoolroom business to secure her being able to join some boating or nutting excursion for which the others had gone off to prepare without thinking of her troubles. How exhilarating the run down to the river hand in hand, used to be when the task was done! How happy one dared be without thinking of consequences in those days. And again the letters that had come day by day, when Frank had been taken ill with small-pox abroad, and only one member of the reading party to which he belonged had dared to stay in the infected spot to nurse him, and write the bulletins that had brought at first such dismay and then relief and thankfulness. Alma

remembered the position on the pages of these letters where sentences had occurred which had first made her know that she was in the writer's mind while he penned them, that he was thinking of her anxiety more than of any other person's, that it was to herself rather than to Frank the devotion was paid. Yes, and it was a look she had seen on her mother's face, while reading one of the letters, that had confirmed her own impression, and permitted her to carry it as a treasure in her heart through all those anxious days. With this recollection, Alma did what she knew she must never do again—scarcely remember henceforth from this evening; she lifted the envelope to her face and laid her lips on the writing for an instant. It was a good-bye—only that—a good-bye to the poetry, to the romance of her life. Henceforth there would be solid substance for her—plenty of that. Was not Moloch the god of riches? and did not people in old times drop their children through his outstretched brazen hands into the consuming fire beneath that was his heart? Was it so much to drop one's fancies, one's aspirations, the first flower-like feelings of one's heart through those hands to be burnt up? Surely they would burn without more wailing and demonstration of grief than the trumpets and shawms playing in the Valley of Tophet would drown. Then Alma broke open the seal of the letter and read:—

“My dear Alma,—I shall address you in the old style once more, whether I have a right to do so or not; for it is only while recalling old privileges, old unrevoked admissions of yours, that I feel I have any claim to speak as I am going to speak now. Of course a word from you would silence me for ever, but I recollect that I have never had that word. Your mother made me understand some time ago that the change in my worldly prospects after my uncle's death must be held to put an end to the hopes she well knew I

had long cherished, and not without her sanction, respecting yourself. She was very angry, and I was very much astonished, for I did not know before that it was the supposed heir of my uncle's money, and not Wynyard Anstice, who was welcomed to your home. I tried hard to nourish resentment, and to believe it could kill love; but you delivered me from that delusion on the evening when we talked together over Agatha's profession, and you once more condescended to let me see *yourself* as you are when the world lets you alone. Since then I have permitted myself to hope again, and this is my hope—that you will let your heart speak to you apart from other considerations and fears. I am the same as I was in the days when you looked kindly on me, when you let me see the dawn of what I believed was to be the crown and glory of my life—your preference for me. I love you as much more now than then, as a man who has struggled and suffered something can love, more than a boy who is beginning to love, and the love of then and now is one unbroken undying growth. I have proved to myself, and can prove to your father and you, that as far as considerations of prudence go, I am fit to be trusted with the care of your future. I cannot, it is true, now offer you the riches you might have elsewhere, but besides the love, of which I shall not trust myself to speak much at present, I can promise you something more than the proverbial dinner of herbs. I do not think it likely that I shall ever make a great fortune, but I have health and resolution and aptitude for my own sort of work, and I have been successful in a moderate way so far. I have confidence in your father that he would not oppose your wishes if only they were heartily enlisted on my side. Question them, dearest Alma, straitly to-night. I am not pleading selfishly. I would not, or at least I think I would not, have you if you could be—I don't say more prosperous,—but happier, more

blessed with any one else, only I don't believe there breathes a man who could love you as I could. With that tremendous boast I must end. In spite of it, Heaven knows, I am humble enough, fearful enough, and as well aware as I can be of what it is I am asking you to do. If your heart stirs towards me, if it is only a little, give it time to speak. I will wait indefinitely, for I fear nothing so much as a hasty verdict. — Yours, as I have always been since I first knew you,
 "WYNYARD ANSTICE."

Nearly an hour passed after Alma finished reading, before she betook herself to her mother's room, and as it was then past nine o'clock, she found Lady Rivers, as might indeed have been expected, in a very plaintive state on the score of having been left to her own company for such a length of time.

"I have been coughing all the evening, and I have wanted my drops since Ward left me," she began, directly Alma entered. "I miss poor little Emmie West sadly, and I did think you would have made a point of coming to sit with me and read me to sleep on the first evening of my being alone, especially as, so far as I can make out, there has been nothing to keep you down stairs. Ward said that a letter had been taken in to you, but you left the Kirkmans only just before you dressed for dinner, so it cannot have been anything of importance!"

"The letter was nothing you would care to hear about, mamma," answered Alma. "But let me sit down near you on the bed, dear mother. I am sorry that your cough has been troublesome, and that I was not here to give you your drops when Ward went down to her supper, especially as I have something to tell you now that we are alone."

"My darling Alma!" cried Lady Rivers, stretching out her arms.

"Yes, mamma," said Alma, without however bending her head an inch from the stately height at which she

held it, "It is that—Mr. Horace Kirkman spoke to me this afternoon while we were walking in the gardens and——"

"Alma, be quick, child! What is the matter? You accepted him, of course?"

"I did not refuse him, mother. Yes, I suppose it was a virtual acceptance; they are sure to interpret it so; but I asked that we might have a little more time to know each other before my acceptance was considered quite final and made known beyond our two families. I felt this to be fair to him, mother, as well as to myself. When he understands the nature of my feelings a little better, he may not be satisfied, and if I am to sell myself, at all events I should like it to be an honest bargain."

"Alma, do you want to kill me by saying such unkind things, just when we ought to be so happy and thankful? Sold! what can you mean? Horace Kirkman is sincerely attached to you, in fact, absolutely devoted to you. However rich he had been I should not, you know, have wished you to marry one who was not that."

"I believe he is that, mamma."

"And your father thinks well of him, and he is enormously rich, one of the best matches in England just now. Lady Amhurst told Constance only last week that Horace Kirkman might have chosen his wife from almost any of the noble families in England where there are many daughters."

"I wonder he did not."

"He fell in love with you, Alma, directly he was introduced to you, and will not hear of marrying any one else. Mrs. Kirkman told me this so long ago as when we went to Golden Mount for Christmas. Oh, Alma! you ought to think yourself a lucky girl—you ought to be thankful!"

"Let us begin then, mamma," said Alma; "let us be very happy about it. I reckoned a great deal on satisfying you."

"But the delay, the risk,—I don't

like that part. Why could you not have put an end to all anxiety by accepting him outright to-day. It would only have been what the Kirkmans will consider his due, and you would have been in a better position with the old people than you will ever be after this hesitation. I too should have been at rest, and could have got well then."

"I did what I could, mamma," said Alma, the tears rising in her eyes. "You must not press me any further; indeed I thought of you, and hoped you would be happy."

Lady Rivers stretched out her arms again, and again took them back empty.

"You talk of my being happy," she said, plaintively, "but it is my children's happiness I want after all—nothing but that—and I can't help having my own views about what will be best for them, Alma, when I have such an example of the miseries of poverty before my eyes for ever, as your poor Aunt West shows us all. It may have made me over anxious, a little pressing, perhaps, but you ought not to resent it; you should consider how natural it is that I should dread the same wretchedness for my own children that I see in my poor sister. If you, Alma, were to come down to letting lodgings, I should turn in my grave, I think, if I had been dead twenty years."

"You will bring the cough back, I am afraid, mamma," said Alma, "if you talk so excitedly. I had better read a few verses to you, as Emmie used to do, to compose you, and then I will say good-night, leaving the rest of our talk till to-morrow morning when we shall both be calmer."

Alma hurriedly took up the first book that came to hand as she spoke, a Bible from which Emmie West, continuing home habits, had been used to read a chapter or a Psalm to her aunt before leaving for the night; and she opened it hap-hazard, meaning to read the first sentence or two on which her

eye fell. "And the rich man lifted up his eyes being in torments, and saw Lazarus afar off." Alma turned the page quickly. She must not read *that* as a sedative to her mother's dread of *post-mortem* anxiety. To put her in mind that things might look so differently in her grave as to make poverty no longer the supreme terror, would hardly conduce to her sleep just now. Apparently Emmie West had greater skill in finding composing passages than Alma, for somehow, as she turned page after page in search of a calming sentence, she thought that the whole book was written through and through with warnings and exhortations against worldliness and the love of riches; such warnings as would be a mere blow in the face when spoken by her lips to her mother that night. After five minutes' search she laid the book down in despair.

"After all I think I had better ring for Ward to come and read you to sleep," she said; "she is not a good reader, but you say the sound of her voice makes you drowsy, and I am sure the sooner you sleep and the less you think to-night the better it will be for you." Then Alma got up from the bed and after ringing the

bell wished her mother good-night and left the room.

"Without one kiss to her mother on the day when she had engaged herself to be married," Lady Rivers reflected bitterly, chewing the cud of sad thoughts as she lay waiting for Ward, who was enjoying a cheerful gossip with James down stairs over the symptoms of coming change, death and marriage, in the household. She lay regretting Emmie West, and recalling little anecdotes that had come out in Emmie's talks about her home, which suggested a very different state of things between her and her mother. Lady Rivers could not possibly be capable of envying a person who let lodgings, and yet, all through a sleepless night when she tried to comfort herself by picturing the splendours of Alma's marriage, her thoughts perpetually strayed away from the fascinating theme to wonder how Emmie would look and speak, and what sort of fondling and caressing there would be between the mother and the daughter, when she came to tell poor sister West of some marriage engagement that certainly would not like Alma's claim a sentence to itself in all the morning papers.

To be continued.

A PEEP AT THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

It would indeed be presumption in me to include under one category the entire South, and the following remarks must be taken as applying solely to the old slave raising States—as the Virginias, North Carolina, and part of Maryland—the climate, characteristics, and conditions of which differ widely from their once more wealthy, and now more unhappy, sisters of the extreme South, and where the negroes were of a better stamp, and treated with more care and consideration, than their brethren of the sugar and cotton plantations.

The terrible question that is ever pressing on the minds of all thoughtful Southerners is—whether the negro under present circumstances will continue to increase, or—whether, in the course of generations, the dusky race, so intimately interwoven with every feature of Southern life, will be a thing of the past.

Thirteen years have passed away since the last Southern soldier laid down his sword at Appomatox Courthouse, and let loose upon the country the negro of to-day. For thirteen years the negro has been the centre around which the storm of American politics has raged, yet the problem of his ultimate future seems no nearer solution. Gallons of printers' ink have been consumed upon him; stump oratory is sick of him; his old master wishes him at Jericho, and the carpet-bagger alone clings to him as his daily bread.

It is said by some that the negroes are deteriorating, both in numbers and physique, and from their thriftless mode of life are unable to raise such large families as they used to do. As to that, it is evident to all who have lived long in their midst, that no hopes or fears of their ultimate extinction need

be based on that score, though the country doctors say that great numbers of young children die annually from neglect. The deterioration in physique, is one of those old familiar cries with which human nature all the world over loves to enhance the past at the expense of the present. One fact alone can be alleged without much fear of contradiction—that the upper sections of the South are pouring slowly but surely a black tide of emigration towards the states on and about the "Gulf," where wages are higher and politics more excited.

Were a tourist to wander so far out of the beaten track as to find himself during winter in a Virginian market town, and to be told that an exodus of negroes had been going on for some time, he would be very much surprised; for as he jostled his way along the roughly paved sidewalk he might, from the sea of black faces round him, imagine himself in the realms of the King of Dahomey. At the corners of the streets, and at the railway depôts, they stand in crowds, grinning and jabbering, their hats pulled over their ears, and their shoulders hunched up to their hat brims; rolling their eyes, munching huge leaves of tobacco, or smoking five cent cigars; usually dressed in gray trousers of Virginia cloth, slouch hats, and long blue U.-S. military overcoats. No one knows how they live, but many seem to prefer semi-starvation in the muddy little town that they have been accustomed from childhood to look upon as the centre of earthly grandeur, to an ample subsistence on the plantations that bred and reared them.

More especially is this destructive love of the town strong among the women; to arrive at that haven of

bliss they will often sacrifice almost everything they have to sacrifice; but the towns can be overdone, and as often as not, these slaves of unhealthy excitement return to their homes, having acquired nothing but the strut of a peacock, and irrational ideas on the subject of wages.

It is particularly so along the railroads, where the jolting of the cars seems to have an irresistible attraction that the love of home or an assured competency seem powerless to resist. Travel, however, away from the great highways to where ranges of mountains, or unbroken forests, shut out the engine's whistle, and you will find labour more stationary, and the love of home—perhaps I should say the dread of strange surroundings—more powerful.

Everywhere superstition reigns paramount, and it is an odd contrast, amid the bustle of the new world, to find a peasant race that shudders when the whip-poor-will cries by daylight, or when the white owl flies across the path, and that regulates its labours and pleasures by the changes of the moon.

It is not only possible, but probable, that at some future day the negroes, as an important institution, may have drifted out of the higher Southern States. As far as the prosperity of those states is concerned, it is not a matter of much import, since, climatically, they are fitted for white labour. When they become so financially, an immigration from outside of the white labouring class, and a possible relapse of the smaller farmers into that state, will probably push the negro out.

It is in the extreme South that men are anxious about the future, and asking one another what will be the end. If the negro disappear from there, which, however, seems an absurd supposition, what labour could be substituted for him? What race could supply the place of the vast crowds that pour forth, as bell after bell rings out the hours of work, along the swampy banks of the Father of waters? What

available race, unless it were the Chinese, could toil unharmed through the fierce heats of July and August, when the planters themselves sit helpless behind closed blinds, or seek refuge with their families from the pitiless sun amid the mountains of Virginia?

The other and more probable alternative—that the negro will continue to preponderate; that a ceaseless anarchy, and war of races, is to be the lot of Louisiana and South Carolina; that the courts of justice are for ever to be a burlesque and a spectacle—is even gloomier. It was in these States that the great wealth of the South formerly lay. Here lived the ideal planter of old times, who drank Madeira and kept bloodhounds; who looked upon his rich plantation as his worldly wealth, and his slaves as the means by which to extract it. The Virginian, on the other hand, regarded his slaves rather as his competency, and his thousand acres of too frequently ill-tilled land as the means of keeping them alive and strong.

The higher States, though their present impecuniosity is apt to make them mistake past comfort for past wealth, were never, with the exception of individuals here and there, in our sense of the word, rich. The blow consequently fell much lighter on Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, for the fall was not so great; and while the scarcity of money at present can hardly be exaggerated, want is rare, and as much human happiness probably falls to their lot as to other secluded agricultural communities, while law and order are much as they are elsewhere.

Though the negro is slowly, and imperceptibly, drifting out of these States southwards, it would be hard for even his employers to mark his loss. While old cabins still remain inhabited, new ones keep rising in all directions; but the dark spots where weeds grow long and rank in the stubble fields and pastures, showing where cabins have once stood, are too frequent to count.

The negro dwelling is built almost invariably of logs, covered with a shingle roof, and flanked by a stone chimney. They are to be found clustered around the homestead, or scattered about on the outlying parts of the plantation. Everywhere you stumble upon them, in obscure valleys, in mountain gorges, or buried amid the dark shade of oak and chestnut woods; tortuous paths lead you up to them, stealing off from the main road through alder thickets, winding among the giant trunks of forest trees, diving into mossy dells, where mountain rivulets leap over the rotting debris of years; weeds that have grown breast-high from an old tobacco plant bed half choking the path, among which the mocassin snake lies curled, and whither the partridges fly in the noon-day heats of September, to baffle the countless hawks that roam the air. Lizards of all colours crawl over the rocks; the grey squirrel squats on a fallen trunk and wonders at you; armies of gigantic butterflies sail through the gloom, and are lost in the forest beyond; a humming bird flits by, and disappears in the thicket, or a hare, frightened from her form, scuttles through the weeds. Dank, weird, and sunless, are these forest glens, full of suggestions of goblins and creeping things, of fauns and fairies. A spring of the purest water wells up at the foot of a steep and moss-covered rock, forming a basin some two or three feet deep, with a bottom of smooth round pebbles. A hollow gourd floating in it, and a plank thrown across, tell you that a negro cabin is near. It stands on a slight eminence beyond, surrounded by a rough snake fence to keep the hogs out of the cabbages and sweet potatoes. A few chickens, and one or two melancholy ducks, wander round and earn a scanty living; mimic farm buildings surround the house, a corn crib, hog pens of rough logs, and a cow-house, the very look of which makes you shiver. If it is summer, a rude extemporized porch of dead boughs shades the table on which is spread the family

meal, and on a wooden shelf outside the door stands the familiar water bucket, and the hollow gourd.

We cannot do better than take the inmates of this humble dwelling as an example of one of the great classes into which negro labour is divided, and take a glance at the conditions of life of the tenant, or renter. The family consists of a man, his wife, two sons, and two daughters. The old people were of course married before the war, but very probably belonged to different plantations in the same neighbourhood; the man black as ebony, the woman perhaps yellow or "bright." He rejoices in the name of Tump, and if his former master's name was Anderson, his full title is "Uncle Tump Anderson." The woman's name is Julie, neither her own master's, nor her husband's name, being often used, so that she is known to the world around as Aunt Julie.

The cabin in which the tenant lives has been erected at the landlord's expense, and a certain tract of land, the acreage of which has never even been thought about, is given him to cultivate, some of which has been cropped the preceding year, while some has been lying out and resting, having been run out twenty years previously and grown up in pine. The farmer is employer, rather than landlord, as he reserves the right of superintending and exacting a full amount of labour, while he provides and feeds for the tenant a pair of horses, or mules, to do the fallowing, and working of his crop. At the close of the year the crops and fodder from them are divided into two equal shares, the tenant taking one and the landlord the other. This is known as the share or "renter" system.

The landlord advances food, corn meal, and bacon, often throughout the whole year, to the tenant on the security of his share of the crop, placing himself thereby, as King in his *Southern States* justly observes, more or less in absolute dependence on the tenant, and giving him advan-

tages unknown by the labouring class in any other part of the civilised world. His living is assured to him in any case, while any loss or accident, that may bring the value of his share of the crop short of the advances made to him during the year by his landlord, or employer, has generally to be borne by the latter. An inferior workman, or a disastrous year, often leaves the plantation considerably in debt to the employer, and such debts, in a country where commercial promptness is, with some excuse perhaps, rare, are usually irrecoverable. Our tenant has two sons—one not old enough for farm work, but made useful in the domestic department, cutting the wood and fetching water from the spring; the other, old enough to do man's work, but not yet twenty-one, so that legally he belongs to his father, and is employed by him without compensation. Of the two daughters, both grown up, the one is nurse at the landlord's house, and the other washes for his family, and together they earn about four dollars a month, and their board.

Let us take a peep at the "mansion house," as farm-houses in those parts are somewhat grandiloquently styled. It can be seen from the cabin, standing among a grove of oak trees away in the open country. It is of wood, painted originally white, and surrounded by porches, and verandas. As there is apparently no back and no front, an Englishman would say both sides were the back. On the grass plot beneath the shade of acacias two or three hired labourers are seated at their mid-day meal; and perhaps no greater contrast to the elegances of modern life could be found anywhere. An inverted packing case does duty for a table, and on it rests a pot of boiled cabbage, and a broken tea-cup containing molasses. Pocket-knives represent the cutlery of the feast, and plates there are none, while a half-gallon tin of butter-milk washes down the corn bread and rasher of bacon. Two savage watch dogs, chained to running

blocks, slumber on the door-step, and the black nurse carries about in her arms the hope of the family, to whom, to do her justice, she appears devotedly attached.

The owner of the establishment may belong to any of the social classes that are so hard to define in the South, which, in all matters except the exclusion of blacks, is eminently democratic. The chances are that he belongs to the middle and most numerous class of landed proprietors, corresponding to the old-fashioned stamp of English farmer, coming intermediate between the smaller class of landless, or "poor whites," and the men of liberal education and culture, who are to be found in greater or less numbers throughout the country. He probably owned thirty slaves all told before the war, and cultivated five hundred acres of his own land. He chews tobacco a great deal, and is fond of talking about the niggers, and wishing them all out of the country—in spite of which, he would be really miserable if he were not surrounded by them. He seldom drinks anything except on court-day, once a month, and in Christmas week, and seldom swears unless descanting on Grant and other republican institutions. He goes to bed between eight and nine, and gets up at break of day, is good-natured and kind-hearted to a fault, and never reads anything but the weekly local. But he has only an indirect bearing on my subject, and I must apologise for the digression, and hasten on.

Of the corn crop, which is housed in November, the landlord takes half, and when the tobacco is sold, he receives the money and hands over his half share to the tenant, deducting the value of advances in food made during the past year. This is the outline of the "tenant" or "share" system, and it is confined almost entirely to the raising of corn and tobacco. Wheat, oats, and grass crops are kept in the farmer's own hands, and worked by hired labour, for two good reasons; firstly, because the working ex-

penses are comparatively trifling; and secondly, because the negroes' speciality is tobacco, and in a lesser degree corn, and he is very apt, from his narrow understanding, to slur over and neglect crops that do not require such constant attention and are more indirectly profitable.

The sale of his tobacco is the great event in the negro's calendar; he then for the first time handles actual greenbacks, and too frequently he squanders what he handles. The time of taking the crop to market is more or less dependent on the more powerful partner, the landlord. If he is in need of cash, and cannot hold on for the higher spring prices, in it goes, despite bad roads, crowded warehouses, and low sales. What a familiar sight in the dark days of January and February are those tobacco waggons, drawn by horses, mules, or oxen, and frequently by teams composed of all three. How they struggle, creak and groan, along the miry red roads, bumping over the rocks, lurching forward into the almost bottomless chasms, that yawn on every side, emerging again with strained efforts, amid the shouts of drivers and the cracking of whips, and showering on all sides a deluge of red and watery mud. Steady as a rock, however, sits the negro pilot, with his quid in his mouth; it is nothing to him; he has never known the priceless boon of macadamised roads, but has steered his teams along these muddy tracks for fifty years, summer and winter, since the time when the tobacco crop was rolled into market in hogshead barrels. His horses and oxen are unconscious that their lot is heavier than that of other beasts of burden, and regard chasms, and rocks, with the same supreme indifference as their driver. Dense clouds of driving mist break occasionally, only to reveal mountain peaks white with snow. The winter wind howls over brown and colourless fields, whistles through the headless stalks of Indian corn, and rattles with dismal sound the parched fodder hanging on

them. Rural life is collected round the big chimneys and the blazing logs, or at work in the tobacco barns; all outside is deserted and dead, save, perhaps, a flock of gigantic buzzards, who keep watch in a dead chestnut tree over the half-picked carcase of some starved ox. Through avenues of tall oaks, where everything is silent but the pattering of rain-drops on the leafy ground, the waggon flounders hour after hour. The driver would endure days of this, rather than miss the chance of being in the "city," with the certainty of some money in his pocket, and his spirits rise, while his hardships are more than compensated for when the horses' feet clatter on the wooden floor of the warehouse, and the wheels glide smoothly over the boards. His ebony face lights up as he beholds the yellow heaps with their white labels piled up all round, and he feels in a good humour with mankind in general, even with the warehouse hands, who satirically call him "boss," and treat him with that consciousness of superiority that a town negro affects towards his rustic brother.

It is remarkable how much at the mercy of a black labouring minority are the white employing and land owning majority—I mean, of course, as regards the regulation of labour. Remember that scarcely any land is owned by negroes, that their ignorance is of the lowest type, and that they have no political power whatever, as in the extreme South. I have heard it said by distinguished Southern agriculturists that were New England farmers in their place, labour would be regulated throughout the South in a week. As it is, no contract is considered binding by a negro, unless it suits his interest or his inclination. The fear of starvation, the bugbear of the same class in other races, never troubles him, for he well knows there is not the slightest chance of his starving. If he break faith with one employer, he is taken on by his neighbour, and the trans-

action is regarded as perfectly natural. He can subsist at a pinch on corn meal, and fifteen cents a week would purchase him a full allowance. He generally possesses an old army musket, and can without much difficulty secure three or four squirrels in a day; while the brooks in the plains are full of small fish, and those in the mountains of trout. Dearly does the negro love to while away a summer day by the side of a good fishing water, catching small chubs and catfish. On their spring holidays, such as Easter and Whitmonday, of which they are extremely tenacious, the streams are lined with them, men, women, and children, and a fry of catfish or "horny-heads" mixed with molasses is considered a highly savoury dish. With their frugal wants, and the varied means at their disposal to keep life together without work, it may be well understood how difficult it is to control labour as it ought to be controlled for the prosperity of the country; and a certain laxness in dealing with negro crimes, at least petty crimes, in no way tends to decrease the amount of theft that is assumed to be natural to them. If, for instance, a farmer found one of his hands breaking into his corn crib, it would scarcely ever occur to him to go to the trouble of having the thief arrested and sent to jail. In all probability he would turn him off without any wages that might be owing him—possibly in the anger of the moment he might give him a beating—but the idea of legal proceedings would seldom occur to him for anything smaller than a horse or a sheep. Such is the freemasonry among the negroes, that a theft, unless actually witnessed, is well nigh impossible to trace. The old saying, "there is honour among thieves," seems fully borne out, though I question whether it is not a kind of lurking fear of one another rather than any nobler feeling. An honest, upright, and trustworthy negro, such as you occasionally, though rarely, find, could not on any account be induced to give information that might lead

to the detection in theft of his fellow-servant, even though the latter may be his personal enemy. This may be an anomaly, but it is a fact of the most solid and immovable nature all the same, though the causes of it are not easy to explain in words to those who have had no long personal contact with the emancipated slave.

The second class of negro tenants consists of those who have the good fortune to own a horse or a mule, or even a yoke of oxen. These receive cabin and land, and work independently of their landlord, giving him for rent one-fourth of all their crop, or occasionally a money rent, previously fixed upon.

The third, and perhaps most numerous class are the hired hands, hired by the month or year, and consisting chiefly of the young unmarried men who are free of their parents. Their wages usually run at about a hundred dollars a year and their board, which consists of three and a half pounds of bacon and fifteen pounds of corn meal a week, or thereabouts, on the larger plantations; while on the smaller ones they generally get the leavings of their employer's table. It is contrary both to their natures and their present ideas of freedom to remain as a rule more than one year on the same farm, and as Christmas—dear to the negro's heart—draws nigh, the yearly hand begins, as a matter of course, to "look around." In this "looking around" one of the most grotesque points in his character displays itself, his inordinate opinion of his own working value, and indispensableness to those whom he imagines he benefits by his services. Something like this is the regular routine:—Farmer B——'s ploughman carries a note over to Farmer C——, concerning the loan of a plough or a waggon, after delivering which, instead of returning at once he loiters at the gate for some time. On C—— taking no notice, he clears his throat in a pantomimic style, peculiar to his race:—

C—. "Did you want anything of me?"

Negro. "No, sir, I don't want nuffin."

C— (divining). "Are you going to work for Mr. B— next year?"

Negro. "I dunno, sir; he been arter me mightily to stay with him" (complete fabrication).

C—. "Well, why don't you?"

Negro. "I dunno but what I'll have to; he say he don't reckon as he can git along without me," the fact being that B— had that morning hired another man in his place to his knowledge. These, however, are mere formulas indulged in by the negro for his own satisfaction, and that of his friends in Christmas week, whom he tells that both "Massa B— and Massa C— have been pesterin' him mightily to come to them, but as he reckons there are more folk at Massa B—'s, and "it will be more kind of lively like, he specs, to go thar."

Preachings, weddings, baptisms, cake-walks, candy-stews and corn-shuckings follow each other in rapid succession throughout the calendar of the country negro. He is most tenacious of Christmas, and no bribe would tempt either man, woman, or child to remain in service between Christmas and New-year's Day. Whisky and candy, dancing and banjo-playing reign triumphant. They troop along the muddy roads in crowds, black and yellow, men, women, and children, from house to house, the men in old-fashioned broadcloth from top to toe, with the usual Southern allowance of shirt front and the African allowance of teeth; the women in cheap cotton of flaming colours, blue, red, and yellow.

So insatiable of social merrymakings is this extraordinary race that I have heard old negroes complain that they don't have as much fun of that description as they had before the war. An old highly thought of negro once remarked to me during Christmas, "It look like as if folk don't have near so much pleasure as they was usted to have, sah."

"How do you mean?"

"My ole massa, he had ten on us, beside grown women and a heap o' chaps (small children); an' for a week or ten days arter Christmas we never did a *thing*, sah; an' sich a 'whoopin' and a 'hollerin' and a 'pitchin' and a banjo-playin' never wur seed, sure. No, sah, them ar' was a heap better times than these is, oo-oo-oo e."¹

A few days afterwards I met the "ole massa" in question, who, with his son, did all the work on a poor and worked-out farm. He pointed, with a finger black with tobacco stripping, to the ruins of what had once been slave cabins, but was then but a row of brick chimneys, rising out of a heap of tangled briars, and volunteered the remark that "poor as he then was, he would not go back to the times when them cabins was standing; no, sir, they'd like to have eaten me out of house and home." It is by no means uncommon to hear the generally-accepted ideas of the outer world reversed like this; and the same opinions, in a more modified form and more mildly expressed, prevail largely. These evening gatherings consist principally of banjo-playing, singing, and dancing; and not unfrequently, especially if whisky or apple-jack be going about, they end in a row, or, what is called in those parts, a "fuss." I remember hearing a female servant blown up by her master after one of these orgies, and though somewhat blunted against the laughable side of the negro character by daily contact with them, her answer struck me as so ludicrous, that I noted it down at the time, and reproduce it verbatim. The excuse was, that she was late in the morning because she had had her dress torn off in a "big fuss" that had terminated the evening's enjoyment:—

"I was at brother Manse's, at a

¹ A universal and frequent expression of surprise peculiar to the South. Used also, as in this case, to add strength and emphasis to a statement. An Australian coo-e modulated to ordinary conversational pitch will exactly describe it.

candy-stew, and thar was a heap of folk thar, and Jim Thompson wur thar, him as lives away over on the far side of the mountain; I specked he just come to raise a fuss, and when we was about half through, he began to sort a pester brother Manse, and brother Manse he got mightily put out, and said he'd fling him through the window. Jim then he threw a knife at brother Manse, which made him as *mad as mad*, and he up an foted an ole pistol that he bought from Uncle Charles, and snapped it full in Jim's face, but de cap wur too big an fell off, an before brother Manse could put on another cap, Bob, as is Jim's half-brother, 'went for' brother Manse; and when Daddy saw Bob go for Manse, he went for Bob; and when

Bob's sister, she as they calls Peggy, saw that, she put right straight for Daddy; and she'd no sooner got a good grip of him, than sister Mandy caught up the hearth broom, and began whaling Peggy like I dunno what; and when I and cousin Sue saw that, we thought we might just as well pitch in, and I got my coat (dress) tore'd clar off o' my back—dats how I cum to be so late."

I am fully aware that this picture of the Southern negro is incomplete, while I have not even touched on many phases of his life and character; but I must plead as my excuse the great difficulty of condensing into so small a space a subject that might easily be spread over several volumes.

ARTHUR GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

FROM HEINE.

I.—AUS MEINEN THRÄNEN SPIESSEN.

Each tear out of my deep heart welling,
Flowers into bloom that never dies;
And nightingales all round in chorus
Make music of my sighs.

Child—maiden—if thou wilt but love me,
To thee alone those flowers I bring;
And 'neath thy windows, dearest, ever
My nightingales shall sing.

F. H. DOYLE.

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ADAPTER.

PEOPLE have tried, at one time or another, to show that Shakespeare must have belonged to almost every conceivable trade and profession—he had so wonderful a technical knowledge, we are told of lawyering, doctoring, soldiering, even grave-digging. There is but one thing which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been attempted: which is, to prove that he was a really good stage-manager, that he had a thorough knowledge of what may be called the business part of his art.

For, as a matter of fact, very few purely literary critics see how all-important such skill is to every dramatist—what it has done, above all, for Shakespeare. The principles and details of the construction of plays for the stage, their division into acts and scenes, and the minor rules which regulate such matters as entrances, exits, and so forth, may seem but small things compared with the power which creates living characters, the genius which produces the highest poetry; yet those lesser qualities were in very truth indispensable to his universal fame. Shakespeare would never have been read as widely, nor studied as closely, as he now is by every class, had he not been acted always and everywhere. There is not an evening in the year during which at some provincial theatre in England some play of Shakespeare's is not being acted; "on an emergency," country managers will tell you, "we always put up *Hamlet*." No other dramatist ever kept the stage for three hundred years; no other dramatist ever bore translation into every tongue; no other ever so pleased every class of audience, from the roughs of California to the most cultivated gatherings of artists, poets, critics. It cannot be his poetry, his philosophy,

his drawing of character, which have thus supremely fitted him for the stage; they could hardly tell so through bad acting and bad translation. It is the way in which he makes the framework of his plots, in which he presents his story and his characters, that gives force to his strong "situations," and secures their effect, under however unfavourable circumstances.

And this art of effective presentation is absolutely necessary to make a tragedy or comedy a true work of art. Without it, a play cannot thoroughly interest an audience—can be only a "play for the closet," not a genuine acting drama; and plays for the closet are surely contradictions in terms; hybrids, not works of pure art. It is often said that a play ought to bear reading; how much more, then, ought it to bear acting! This is where Browning, Shelley, many other poets fail; to succeed, a man must be a practical dramatist—and thus, a man must be a practical dramatist to be a true dramatic poet.

How completely Shakespeare was this has never, I think, been sufficiently shown; and it is an omission in criticism which can hardly be supplied in half-a-dozen pages. Yet I hope that even the slightest of essays on such a subject will not be unwelcome, if it help to prove how careful, and ingenious, and skilful a playwright the great poet was.

For, if it is believed that he won his triumphs by a sort of direct inspiration—that his method of work was in no way like that of ordinary mortals—he can only gain a blank unreasoning admiration; a valueless wonder, indeed, instead of the hearty reverence and appreciation which he deserves. If, on the other hand, we believe that even he was not above the great human

necessity of taking pains: if we examine him with the candid care we should give a modern man, and thoroughly test his knowledge of the stage: not only shall we appreciate many of the qualities to which in very truth he owes his lasting fame, but we shall also learn how, according to the highest authority the world has seen, plays ought to be constructed, how dramatic effects should be made, and in what way great situations should be led up to and "placed."

It is well known among dramatists that there is no more difficult task, none in which experience and stage tact are more required, than the adaptation to the actual theatre of a rough, straggling and ill-constructed play: the condensation of its never-ending purposeless talk, its crowded characters and unconnected incidents. If such a play contain a good scene, it is very likely put at the beginning, when the audience are not properly settled down to enjoy it; if a situation of strong human interest, very likely the previous explanations necessary to make people really understand and feel it are not given clearly or fully, or it is spoilt by being prolonged beyond the period during which intense excitement can be kept up. The knowledge of stage-mechanism in all its details required to fit such a play for the stage, is every whit as important as the creative genius which must breathe into its rough sketches of character the breath of poetry and life.

One such play, which Shakespeare adapted and rewrote, has fortunately been preserved; and the differences between this rude original and his finished work are most interesting. It is the "history" of *King John*, a chronicle-play perhaps suggested by, though not founded upon, the still older *King Johan* of John Bale, Bishop of Ossory. Who was its author no one, I believe, knows—Pope, in his edition of Shakespeare, suggests Rowley, without, it would appear, any grounds whatever for doing so. If we take for consideration this anonymous play and

compare it with Shakespeare's, we shall find how perfectly he understood his art; and we may learn by his example not only what dramatic material to choose, and how to shape it, but—which is by no means so usual with our poet—what to avoid; for *King John*, as it now stands, though it is in many ways a model of construction, and contains at least two of his finest characters and some of his noblest poetry, can hardly be called a successful stage-play.

The old "chronicle" of the *Troublesome Raigne of King John* is clearly the work of a man of considerable, though uncultivated, power; and it is some proof of the estimation in which it was held that three editions of it were published, in 1591, 1611, and 1612. On the title-page of the third the publisher had the impudence to place the name of Shakespeare, but that it was not by him must, I think, be evident to any man who has ever written a play or a poem. He has recast it more completely than any one ever could—or would, with a first sketch often so powerful—recast his own work. Although each scene of Shakespeare follows a scene of the original, he has not throughout the whole play copied one line nearly word for word—at least, I have not remarked one, except a list of "Volquesson, Touraine, Maine, Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces;" and this though he constantly found speeches as good as this:—

I am interdicted by the Pope,
All churches cursed, their doors are sealed up,
And for the pleasure of the Romish priest
The service of the Highest is neglected.
The multitude (*a beast of many heads*)
Do with confusion to their sovereign.
The nobles, blinded with ambition's fumes,
Assemble powers to beat mine empire down,
And, more than this, elect a foreign king.
O England, wert thou ever miserable?
King John of England sees thee miserable.
John, 'tis thy sins that makes it miserable!
Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

So entirely, indeed, has the dialogue been rewritten, that one can hardly imagine Shakespeare to have known

the original play except by seeing it acted, and perhaps quickly reading it through. How immensely he improved on even the best speeches of his predecessor may be seen from the quotations I shall make; while that predecessor's worst was mere schoolboy doggerel. Nor is his refined and polished versification a greater improvement than the clearness and depth of thought in his lines, which show not merely what men said and did, but the reason and the appropriateness of those deeds and speeches.

The chief faults of the old play are these: It has no hero—there is not enough to bind the scenes together, and make an interesting whole of them. It is throughout filled with an anti-Romish spirit, violent and vulgar, and entirely out of place in a work of art, though no doubt adding much to the play's temporary popularity. The characters are mere rough outlines, wanting in fulness and consistency; and there is no one in the play, except here and there Falconbridge, in whom you can take much interest. The dialogue is rather dull, and lacking in variety and finish; and, finally, the play is much too long—its Second Part especially—and wants neatness and clearness of construction.

It is characteristic of Shakespeare that, in remedying these faults, he does not for a moment depart from the lines the original author has laid down. He does not go to history for fresh facts to strengthen his plot—he absolutely adds no word of allusion to the Great Charter, which might, one would think, have been worked up into a grand scene. Indeed, the only alteration of fact that he makes is a perversion of history; Arthur was not a mere child, but a young man, as, if we may judge by his conversation with Hubert, the original makes him.

The old play is divided into two parts, each of which is about the length of, and may have been split up into, five short acts. Although he has greatly extended almost every important scene, and has doubled the length

of two leading characters, Shakespeare has compressed these ten acts into five of reasonable length; arranged, with a curious instinct which seems prophetic, in almost exact accordance with modern scenic requirements, except as regards the last act. Acts i. and ii. have but one scene apiece; acts iii. and iv. each three, of which the middle ones may well be flat or "carpenter's" scenes; and even in the fifth act the scenery is not very difficult.¹

It is a very noticeable difference between the two plays, that while in the elder we find no systematic division (except that into two rather unequal halves), in the later Shakespeare—who I believe always paid great attention to the construction of his acts—has made the inter-acts divide the story into five complete and symmetrical parts. Act i. gives us the French king's challenge and its acceptance by John, with the story of the bastard Philip and his brother. Act ii. shows the commencement of hostilities, and the mutual attack upon Angiers; then the arrangement come to between the kings—the peace made on the marriage between Lewis and Blanch. In Act iii. the influence of Rome breaks off this peace; there is a battle in which the French are defeated, and Constance mourns the loss of her son. Act iv. brings us back to England, and gives us the remainder of Arthur's story, and the revolt of the barons at his death. Act v. shows the advance of the French in England, with their allies the rebellious lords; the murder of the king; and the final mishap to the Dauphin's army, which causes him to offer terms of peace.

In reconstructing the play, the great want which struck Shakespeare seems to have been that of a strong central figure. He was attracted by the rough, powerful nature which he could see the Bastard's must have been; almost like a modern dramatist "writing up" a part for a star actor, he introduced

¹ Modern editors somewhat unnecessarily divide the third act into four scenes.

Falconbridge wherever it was possible, gave him the end of every act (except the third), and created, from a rude and inconsistent sketch, a character as strong, as complete, and as original as even he ever drew. Throughout a series of scenes, not otherwise very closely connected, this wonderfully real type of faulty, combative, not ignoble manhood is developed, a support and addition to the scenes in which he has least to say, a great power where he is prominent.

This is the most striking example of his development of a character, but his treatment of Constance, Arthur, Hubert, Pandulph, and of some portions of the character of John himself, is very noticeable. The entire wonderful scene in which Constance laments the loss of her child is founded upon the seven lines :—

My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap :
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale ?
Must Constance speak ? Let tears prevent
her talk.
Must I discourse ? Let Dido sigh, and say
She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy :
Two words will serve, and then my tale is
done—
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my
son !

The somewhat sinister wisdom of Pandulph is carefully and at length elaborated, and one of several indistinguishable barons (Salisbury) has been made chief spokesman of the revolt caused by the murder of Arthur. Hubert now stands out with a rough manhood which is very sympathetic ; and many subtle touches are added to the King's character—of which more hereafter.

And now let us see what were the principal alterations, "cuts," and extensions which the adapter of this old play made, and why he made them—going straight through the piece, and studying each scene in which noticeable improvement has been effected by these means. I may here remark that he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces none, except the dialogue between Falconbridge and Hubert which concludes Act iv.

The plays both begin with the same incident—the King of France claiming the English crown for Arthur ; but, while the earlier author opens with twenty lines about the death of Richard and the succession of John, Shakespeare dashes at once into the heart of his subject :—

John. Now say, Chatillon, what would
France with us ?

Chatillon. Thus, after greeting, speaks the
King of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

And throughout the play there is the same exchange of tediousness for spirit and brilliancy ; very markedly in the succeeding discussion as to the legitimacy of Falconbridge, during which discussion Shakespeare, writing for an audience he was himself making tender and refined, does not bring the mother upon the stage, as did the elder dramatist. There is, in the midst of the said discussion in the original play, a long "aside" of the Bastard's, which is most interesting. Shakespeare omits it altogether, partly no doubt because it is a long "aside," but how it influenced his conception of the character, and how he yet altered that character, are evident. I quote the soliloquy entire.

Essex. Philip, speak, I say : who was thy
father ?

John. Young man, how now ! What, art
thou in a trance ?

Elinor. Philip, awake ! The man is in
a dream.

Philip.¹ *Philippus alavis edite regibus.*

What sayst thou, Philip, sprung of ancient
kings !

Quo me rapit tempestas ?

What wind of honour blows this fury forth !

Or whence proceed these fumes of majesty ?

Methinks I hear a hollow echo sound,

That Philip is the son unto a king :

The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,

Whistle in comfort I am Richard's son :

The bubbling murmur of the waters fall

Records *Philippus Regis Filius* :

Birds in their flight make music with their
wings,

Filling the air with glory of my birth :

Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo,
all

¹ *Aside*, evidently.

Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son.
Fond man! ah, whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honour's
heaven?
Forgetful what thou art, and whence thou
camest.
Thy father's land cannot maintain these
thoughts,
These thoughts are far unfitting Faucon-
bridge:
And well they may; for why this mounting
mind
Doth soar too high to stoop to Fauconbridge.
Why, how now? Knowest thou where thou
art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answer
here?
Wilt thou upon a frantic madding vaine
(? vein)
Go lose thy land and say thy self base-born?
No, keep thy land, though Richard were thy
sire,
Whate'er thou thinkst, say thou art Faucon-
bridge.

However, when he is directly asked
who was his father, he proudly claims
Richard.

In the scenes in France, which form
the second and third acts, Shakespeare
has very closely followed his original
in construction, though he has greatly
extended some passages and compressed
others. Many of the details of his
workmanship are very ingenious; for
example, when the treaty of marriage
between Lewis and Blanch is made he
keeps Constance off the stage, because,
as he says, "the match made up, her
presence would have interrupted much."
He tells in three lines, too (Act. iii.
Sc. 2, lines 5-7), a scene of the original
in which Elinor is captured by the
French, and afterwards rescued by
Falconbridge; the representation of
which would probably only have the
effect of making the audience uncertain
which side was winning.

Then follows perhaps the most im-
portant "cut" in the play, that of a
scene in which Falconbridge carries
out the raid upon the clergy, spoken
of here in two lines only (Act. iii.
Sc. 4, lines 171, 2). In this place, and
throughout the play, Shakespeare has
removed the attacks on the Church of
Rome to so great an extent that the
Catholics claim him for themselves;
but it was probably more his hatred

of vulgarity and buffoonery than of
Protestantism that made him strike
out the scene in which the Bastard,
ransacking the monasteries, finds a
nun in the abbot's chest, a priest in
a nun's; and in which a pious friar,
horror-stricken, remarks

Oh, I am undone! Fair Alice the nun
Hath took up her rest in the Abbot's chest.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicities!
Fie, Alice, confession will not salve this
transgression!

And, with regard to John's strong
speeches against Popery at the end of
the old play, they would probably
make him more popular with the
audience than Shakespeare could
permit such a villain to be.

A great deal of valuable space occu-
pied by the prophet, Peter of Pomfret,
is also saved. He was originally
brought on in the convent-scene (where
his introduction seems to show that
dramatists even then felt that it was
better not to change the scene too
often), and in two subsequent scenes
he made long speeches to John, em-
bodying the prophecy that he should
give up his crown on Ascension Day,
and embodied by Shakespeare, as far
as Peter himself is concerned, in one
single line (Act iv. Sc. 2, line 154),
which was probably introduced be-
cause the audience had got used to
their prophet, and would not have
liked to part with him entirely.

The prettiness and pathos of the
great scene which follows, between
Hubert and Arthur, are quite lost
when the prince is made a philosophic
young man instead of a winning and
tender boy—the sweetest, in Shake-
speare's hands, of all pathetic children
who have pleaded for their life in
plays. Such arguments as the follow-
ing, however sound and sensible, are
not particularly touching:—

Advise thee, Hubert, for the case is hard—
To lose salvation for a king's reward.

Hubert. My lord, a subject dwelling in the
land

Is tied to execute the king's command.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power
reacheth further

That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordained a law,
A death for guilt to keep the world in awe.

And so on, for a page of controversial epigrams. It is perhaps worth noticing that even so vague an expression of religious speculation as the terming God "that Essence" is hardly to be found in Shakespeare's writings.

The next scene is substantially the same as the present, Act iv. sc. 2; but the difference in the skill of their workmanship makes it worth while to examine them in detail. In the first place, using the simple stage expedient of announcing a thing as just done instead of doing it, Shakespeare makes the king come on immediately after his second coronation instead of before it—thus saving a good deal of time and losing absolutely nothing: there was no gain of pageantry in the old arrangement, and the discussion between Pembroke and the others is brought in quite as naturally now. Then, in accordance with the modern stage-rule (which, as a French critic tells us, has taken the place of the ancient rule of the three unities), that there must be no more entrances and exits than are absolutely necessary, Falconbridge's two entrances are reduced to one. The five moons, also, which make their actual appearance in the old play, are, like some of the characters in Ben Jonson's lists of *dramatis personæ*, "only talked on;" and a few lines take the place of an entire later scene (the second of the Second Act), in which occurred the speech already quoted, describing the manifold evils which are making England miserable. Of the reduction of Peter of Pomfret I have already spoken.

But the most important alteration in this scene is the way in which the false tidings of Arthur's death are treated. In the old version, John, after his coronation, offers a boon; the barons ask for Arthur's safety, which he grants, but with amusing candour withdraws at once upon

Peter's prophecies of evil. Then comes Hubert, and blurts out before them all the news that—

According to your highness' strict command, Young Arthur's eyes are blinded and extinct. To which John replies, still with candid tranquillity—

Why, so; then he may feel the crown but never see it.

Hubert. Nor see nor feel; for of the extreme pain

Within one hour gave he up the ghost.

John. What, is he dead?

Hubert. He is, my lord.

John. Then with him die my cares!

Essex. Now joy betide thy soul!

Pembroke. And heavens revenge thy death!

Essex. What have you done, my lord? Was ever heard

A deed of more inhuman consequence?

Your foes will curse, your friends will cry revenge.

Unkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,

To clip the beauty of so sweet a flower.

What hope in us for mercy on a fault, When kinsman dies without impeach of cause, As you have done, so come to cheer you with, The guilt shall never be cast in my teeth!

And the barons go. Now, Shakespeare has saved enough room elsewhere to be able to be far less jerky here. This is how he treats the above passage: Hubert enters, and John takes him apart, saying, "Hubert, what news with you?" Then—

Pembroke. This is the man should do the bloody deed:

He showed his warrant to a friend of mine:

The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his

Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;

And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Salisbury. The colour of the king doth come and go

Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like heralds' twixt two dreadful battles set:

His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pembroke. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:

Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The suit which you demand is gone and dead:

He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Salisbury. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pembroke. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answered either here or hence.

John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Salisbury. It is apparent foul play ; and
'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.

Pembroke. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury ; I'll
go with thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this
isle

Three foot of it doth hold : bad world the
while !

This must not be thus borne : this will break
out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

Whoever will read this entire scene as it stands in Shakespeare cannot fail to find how very much he has improved it in neatness of construction, in probability, in effectiveness, and even in brevity, though he has doubled the dignity and philosophic fulness of nearly all the chief speeches. And throughout the Second Part (which begins with Arthur's death) his alterations are at least as important and successful. Arthur does not make a speech of fifteen lines after he has leapt from the walls—he is a much less “unconscionable time a-dying ;” and an immense improvement has been made in the subsequent scene (Act iv. Sc. 3) between Hubert and the barons, by the introduction of Falconbridge.

In the first scene of Act v. Shakespeare repeats the stage expedient I have already spoken of—he makes John come on just as he has yielded up his crown to Pandulph ; and indeed this scene and the next are altogether very neatly constructed. Instead of them we have, in the old piece, first a long scene in which John (after hanging poor Peter of Pomfret) describes his misfortunes, and, under great pressure, consents to become the Pope's vassal ; then another in which are set forth most elaborately the appeal to Lewis by the English barons, their oath, and his treachery ; and a

third, showing John's acceptance of the crown at Pandulph's hands, and the refusal of Lewis to retire at the Pope's bidding.

The fifth and seventh scenes of this Second Part, giving the progress of the struggle between John and the French and rebels, correspond closely to the fourth and fifth of Shakespeare's Act v. ; the sixth and eighth show at great length how John took refuge in Swinstead Abbey ; how a certain monk, with the connivance of his abbot, poisoned the king's drink, and, tasting it first himself, with the historic cry of “Wassell !” died, remarking aside, “If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proof—why, so : it works !” how Falconbridge, very naturally, killed the abbot ; how the king died, after some long and powerful speeches, rather like those of Sir Giles Overreach, but very strongly anti-Catholic ; and how, as he was dying, Henry and the revolted barons came, and John lifted his hand in token of forgiveness, and again as a sign that he died Christ's servant.

Now, these long scenes of meditated murder, and of murder itself and its reward, form a particularly unpleasant conclusion to a play which has already had quite its full share of treachery and crime ; and their compression speaks as well for Shakespeare's healthy and manly feeling as for his skill as a dramatist. This skill is again displayed in the neatness with which he throws into a few lines, without change of scene, the establishment of Henry as king, which in the original play occupies a ninth scene, coming as an awkward anticlimax after the death of the hero. The “tag,” given in both plays by Falconbridge, shows how commonplace verse can be converted into splendid poetry. The original lines—

Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state ;
and—

If England's peers and people join in one,
Not Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong !

are replaced by the glorious—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Before I leave these details of construction, I should like to remark three points in which Shakespeare, in compressing the original, has left matters a little less clear than he found them.

In the first place, does it strike one why Falconbridge makes such a dead set at Austria—or Lymoges, as Shakespeare, repeating his predecessor's blunder, sometimes calls him? Are we not apt to fancy that it was chiefly because the Bastard was a bullying sort of fellow, and saw that Austria was a coward? But in the old play it is at once and fully shown that he wanted to avenge the duke's cruelty to his father, Richard I.; Austria is indeed wearing the skin of the lion which Richard killed, and which gave him his famous surname.

Then—it is a very minor matter—but one does not quite know why Falconbridge should be so much annoyed at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin; nor why Blanch should have backed up Falconbridge in his apparently unjustifiable attack upon Austria. In the original, we find that Elinor had half promised Blanch's hand to the Bastard, whom the lady gave up for Lewis with some reluctance.

Lastly—and this is a good deal more important—Shakespeare does not at all explain *why* the monk poisoned King John. Has not one been rather startled, on seeing the play acted, by its sudden termination? Just when his fortunes are at their most critical point, the hero without rhyme or reason dies: some one comes in casually and says that the king is dying, murdered by an anonymous monk, who is indeed described as a "resolved villain," but who is not shown to have

had any motive whatever for his deed. It is as if the Gravedigger should suddenly brain Hamlet with his pickaxe, in the midst of their conversation, and decline to give any reason for his conduct. The author of the *Troublesome Raigne*, besides giving at length the scene of the ransacking the monasteries by the king's command, tells us in so many words that the murderous monk expected to be "canonized for a holy saint" for poisoning the king that did "contemn the pope" and "never loved a friar," and shows us his conception of and preparation for the crime.

Having thus gone through the principal alterations which Shakespeare made in adapting this rough and diffuse old "history" for his own theatre, and having tried to show how greatly he improved it, even from the point of view of a modern stage-manager, I must explain why his example in this case seems to me, as I have said, a warning as well as a lesson to dramatists. What is it that has neutralised his efforts to make of *King John* a stage-play as successful and enduringly popular as, for example, *Richard III.*? It must be either the subject itself, or the way in which it has been dealt with in the original piece—which, in its broad outlines, he has not attempted to alter.

The subject is perhaps not altogether a good one. The king's great crime is so dastardly, the leading cause of his misfortunes (his quarrel with Rome about Stephen Langton) is so undramatic, and his nature breaks down so entirely at the end—when even a villain like Richard III. fights nobly and forces some sort of respect from the audience—that it may be that no poet could have made a strong play of the story of his life. As it is, in Acts i. and ii. he is a nonentity. Falconbridge filling the first act, and nobody being very prominent in the second; in the third act Constance is supreme, and in the fourth Arthur; while even in the fifth the king is not of very great importance, his death-

scene being much weakened in effect (however it may gain in refinement) by the removal of his violently remorseful and Protestant speeches. Indeed, it must be confessed that the omission from the play of the constant attacks on Popery, though an improvement from a purely literary point of view, destroys to a certain extent its *raison d'être*, the spirit that helped to animate its old straggling mass, and, as has been pointed out, the motive of its *dénouement*.

The effort, too, to give the piece a hero in Falconbridge is a failure, because, as long experience teaches, you cannot force a character out of the position he would naturally occupy in a play. Falconbridge is properly little more than a chorus, a cynical critic of a wicked age—he might be entirely omitted without in the least degree altering the substance of the plot—and it is therefore impossible to make the story centre in him, as should every story in some one figure, or inseparably-connected group of figures.

Shakespeare has no doubt kept so closely to the lines of the older play because it was a favourite with his audience, and they had grown to accept its history as absolute fact; but one can hardly help thinking that had he boldly thrown aside these trammels and taken John as his hero, his great central figure; had he analysed and built up before us the mass of power, craft, passion, and devilry which made up the worst of the Plantagenets; had he dramatised the

grand scene of the signing of the Charter, and shown vividly the gloom and horror which overhung the excommunicated land; had he painted John's last despairing struggles against rebels and invaders, as he has given us the fiery end of Macbeth's life—we might have had another Macbeth, another Richard, who would by his terrible personality have welded the play together, and carried us along breathless through his scenes of successive victory and defeat.

That by this means something would be lost is true—Falconbridge, for example, would certainly be lessened—but the worth of a real work of art is greater than the worth of any part of it; and Constance and Hubert probably need not suffer, while the influence of the death of Arthur might very likely be made to penetrate more thoroughly the entire play. In *Macbeth*, *Henry V.*, *Richard III.*, *Coriolanus*, everything is subordinated to the centre, the mainspring of the plot; in *King John* each act has a different hero. What could be more fatal to the interest of the whole?

To some it may seem presumptuous thus to criticise Shakespeare; but is it not indeed the only way to make sure that one really appreciates him? Of such appreciation I wish my unsparing criticism of his work to be a proof; it is a poor faith that dares not listen to and seek out every accusation against its idol.

EDWARD ROSE.

HYMN BY ST. COLUMBA.

[MR. SKENE, in Vol. II. of his *Celtic Scotland*, p. 91, describing the scenery of Iona, says :—"On the highest point, overlooking the expanse of the western sea, is the cairn called *Cul ri Érin*, which marks the spot where Columba is said to have ascended for the purpose of ascertaining if he could discern from it the distant shores of his beloved Erin. Among the several poems attributed to him, there is one which so remarkably describes the scene from this spot, and the emotions it was calculated to excite in one of his temperament, that it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that it contains the genuine expression of his feelings." The original of this very interesting poem is among the Irish MSS. in the Royal Library at Brussels,¹ the keeper of which, M. Alen, kindly supplied the copy from which the text is given. It has had the advantage of being collated by the learned Dean of Armagh with another copy, made by the late Professor O'Curry, whose admirably faithful translation is given by Mr. Skene. The words of that translation have been adopted in this version in many cases, with very little alteration. For the accuracy of the text of the original, the present translator is indebted to Dr. Reeves and Mr. Skene, with whom it is an honour for any Celtic student to be associated in the humblest way. Of the beauty of the original it is unnecessary to say anything for those who can appreciate it. Apart from the simple felicity of thought and language, the rhythm and rhyme, and in several instances the alliteration, are very beautiful. The only liberties that have been taken with the text are, the division into verses of four lines, instead of two, and the use of a few capitals and commas.

COLUMCILLE FECIT.

I.

MELLACH lem bith ind Ucht Ailiüin,
 For beind cairrge,
 Conacind and ar meinci
 Feth na fairrei.

II.

Conacind a tonda tromai
 Uas ler lethan,
 Amail canait ceol dia nathair
 For seol bethad.

III.

Conacind a tracht reidh rindglan
 Ni dál duba,
 Co cloisind guth na nén ningnadh,
 Seol go subai.

¹ Burgund. MSS. No. 5,100, pp. 34, 35.

IV.

Co cloisind torm na tond tana
Fors na cairrci,
Co cloisind nuall ri taeibh reilcei¹
Fuam na fairrge.

V.

Conacind a helta ana
Os lir lindmar,
Conacind na mila mara,
Mo cech ningnadh.

VI.

Conacind a traig sa tuli
Ina réimim,
Comadh é mainm rún no raidim
Cúl fri Herind.

VII.

Conam tisad congain cridhe
Ica fegad,
Co ro coinind m'úlcú ile
Annsaa reladh.

VIII.

Con ro bennachainn in Coimdid,
Conice huile,
Nemh co nimat graidh conglaine,
Tir, traigh, tuili.

IX.

Con ro scrutainn omne² na lebar
Ba maith dom anmain,
Sel for slechtain ar nemh ninmain,
Sel for salmaibh.

X.

Sel ic scrutain Flatha nime,
Naemda in cennach,
Sel for saethar nabad forrach
Ropadh mellach.

XI.

Sel ic buain duilisc do charraic,
Sel ic acladh,
Sel ic tabairt bidh do bochtaibh,
Sel i cearcair.

¹ Possibly *Reilig Odhrain*.

² The introduction of a Latin word here is singular.

Hymn by St. Columba.

XII.

In comairle is ferr fiad Dia
 Dam nos tendai,
 Ni reilge an Ri dianam gilla
 Ni nom mella.

MELLACH.

I.

Sweet is to me in *Uchd Alùinn*,¹
 On a peaked crag to be,
 That I might often behold
 The face of the boundless sea.

II.

To look on the heaving waves,
 While in their Father's ear
 Music for ever they chant,
 Hymning the world's career.

III.

The level and star-bright strand
 No sorrow it were to see,
 And to hear the wondrous birds,
 Sailing on happily.

IV.

The thunder of crowding waves
 To hear on the rocky shore.
 And down by the church to hear
 The sounding surges roar.

V.

To see the swift-flying flocks
 Over the watery plain,
 And, greatest of wonders all,
 The monsters of the main.

VI.

To see the ebb and the flood
 In power upon the sea,
 And *Cul-ri-Erin*² there, I say,
 My secret name would be.

¹ *Lovely Breast*—The rocky heights on the south-west of Iona are called *Uchdachan* at this day.

² *Back turned to Ireland*—Erin no more!

VII.

And grief would come to my heart,
While gazing to her shore,
And all the many ills I've done
I weeping would deplore.

VIII.

The Godhead then would I bless,
Him who doth all things keep,
Heaven with its orders bright untold,
And earth and shore and deep.

IX.

I would search in all the books
That good to my soul would bring,
Now to beloved Heaven I'd kneel,
And now a Psalm I'd sing.

X.

Heaven's high one, the holy Chief,
My thoughts would now employ,
Anon, to work without constraint
Would be to me a joy.

XI.

Dulse from the rocks I would pluck,
At times I'd fishing go,
At times I would feed the poor,
Now in the cell bend low.

XII.

Best counsel in the sight of God
To me there hath been given,
From error He shall keep me free,
My King, the Lord of Heaven!

REFORM IN TURKEY.

TURKEY has proved hitherto a land of illusions. We need not go further back than the Crimean War to remind the reader of the political illusions in which eminent statesmen have indulged concerning her. Many must remember the hope of a brilliant prosperity which was then thought to have dawned for Turkey; and I, for one, especially remember it, because it "bore me away on its tide," and induced me to settle in what was then thought the land of brightest promise! The "Hatti Hamayoun" had been proclaimed, and the long past of Mohammedan exclusiveness and oppression of the Christians was supposed to be left behind for ever. The Christian subject was declared to be as dear to the Sultan's heart as the Mohammedan; his evidence was to be considered equally valid in the courts of law, and his services were in future to be accepted as freely as they had hitherto been rejected. It was officially announced, in the most solemn way, that abuses of all kinds were to be knocked on the head—that disorder, financial and otherwise, was to be banished. "Old things were to pass away, and all things to become new." It was then that Lord Clarendon recommended Turkey, as a good client, to the British capitalist, since British capital was to be the percussion-cap which was to ignite the Turkish powder. Where are all these hopes to-day? In sober truth, they must be admitted to be worse than nowhere, for their place has been taken by bitter mistrust, and even the Royal word would not now be believed if it recommended Turkey to the British capitalist.

Our *financial illusions* connected with Turkey have been very costly.

As every new loan was launched upon the stock markets of Europe, an appropriate financial regeneration was predicted. One time it was "Caimés" which were to be abolished, as for a time they were; at another a debased metallic currency was to be retired, as it never was; always it was to pay pressing claims, which could no longer be staved off. At last, with a grand flourish of trumpets, "the Book was opened," the grand register of all debts; for the "time" of further indebtedness was declared to be no more. That was in 1865, and since then we have had no fewer than four big loans, a lot of A B C bonds (for beginners, I suppose); any quantity of debts not yet classified alphabetically, a shower of true and false Caimés, and lastly a war ransom of some forty millions sterling. During the interval, from 1865 to 1878, we had first an exhaustive report from gentlemen specially charged by the British Government to examine the financial condition of Turkey. They did so most conscientiously, and reported of it on the whole hopefully. Then we had Budget Commissions without number, which, on paper, seemed to square accounts in a satisfactory manner. All went well as long as the tiresome past deficits could be filled by fresh loans on the bourses of the West. But after long forbearance, capitalists at length refused to give more money. The Sublime "Porte," through which so many hard-earned savings had disappeared, was thereupon closed unceremoniously in the face of the deluded investors, and an impolite card affixed that no more questions would be answered either about the capital or the interest. It would be adding insult to injury to dwell further upon "financial illusions."

Then there were "railway illusions." How can a country progress which has no railways? was the question asked by Sultan, Pashas, Ambassadors and railway contractors. Here was a splendid opening for the surplus wealth of Europe; and Turkey would guarantee a handsome interest! The line from Smyrna to Aidin led the way. But it proved a way to ruin, both to the shareholders and the government. Then came the line from Varna to Rustchuck. Its shareholders fared no better. Then the Kustendjie and Tchernavoda line invited public attention, but the simple public still found that it had got into a trap. For all these failures the Turkish Government was only in small part to blame. It certainly promised a guarantee to the shareholders, but this was merely an inexpensive encouragement. Shareholders should have remembered the Scotch proverb, "You can't take the breeks off a Highlandman." But the grandest scheme of all was to come. In it all modern attractions were united to charm the public. This time it was nothing less than a project for the union of the East with the West by steel rails! People were requested to look through the telescope inversely, and they would see in the far distance, but very clearly, India. That was the bait for lovers of progress. But as the affair was a great one, everybody must be brought in. So a lottery was instituted. Two millions of tickets were to be issued for this grand international raffle, and every year one of these two millions was to gain 24,000%. Who would not risk the wheel of fortune for such a prize? Sixteen pounds was the price of the ticket. It may now be had at a trifle over one.

In short, "illusion" may be written against nearly all that has been projected or promised in Turkey since the Crimean War, and it cannot fail to be interesting and useful to ascertain the explanation of these various disappointments. None can doubt the sincerity of Lord Stratford de Red-

cliffe in his projects of reform; and England never intrusted her interests to an abler or more sagacious diplomatist. He enjoyed the immense advantage of great personal influence at Constantinople. The title of "Great Elthchi" has never since been, and perhaps never before was, applied to any other man at Constantinople. His influence over Sultan, ministers, and people was not so much the result of fear as the respectful homage paid to a strong will, an honest purpose, and a superior intelligence. If any man was able to push forward reforms in Turkey, it was Lord Stratford, and no one ever laboured more perseveringly and more energetically in the cause. Yet the results attained were quite disproportionate. He was succeeded at Constantinople by Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, a clever diplomatist and a shrewd observer. After some years of residence, he became convinced of the paramount importance of the financial situation, and shortly before quitting his post, he expressed in a private letter to Ali Pasha his conviction that the absolute first need of Turkey was that order should be introduced into her finances. The correctness of this opinion is incontestable, for all reforms are and ever must be illusory unless they begin by securing financial order.

This will be especially evident if we consider the chief cause of the evils under which Turkey groans. It is a widespread corruption pervading all the departments of the Government, leading to systematic abuses, and to what can only be described as wholesale pilfering. Under Abdul Medjid, the palace favourites squandered the public money in the extravagances of the Harem. Under Abdul Aziz, while the ministers, with their promises, were throwing dust in the eyes of the capitalists of the West, and inducing them to open their purses, the same palace favourites were anxiously watching to pounce upon the money as soon as it reached Constan-

tinople, and to appropriate it to any purpose but that for which it was destined. The hope of a scheme being accepted was not in its goodness, but in the ability and boldness with which the all-supreme "bucksheish" was plied. Every contract was obtained by bribery, and it was much more profitable to deliver bad goods with bribery than good without it. A good article, unaccompanied by bucksheish was sure to be declared bad, so that it was childish folly to offer it.

No Government appointment was made except after the payment of a sum of money varying according to the value of the post. Thus a governor named, say, to Syria left Constantinople for his post a debtor to the agent who had procured it for him, and generally indebted to a usurer for advances made to pay for the transport of his numerous family. His salary barely sufficed to meet his expenses, yet he must manage to pay off his debt at Constantinople, and to set aside something for that day of destitution, which could not be far distant. Prudent men took with them to their new posts a personal attendant in whom they had confidence. He was the medium through which the "pickings" were to be gathered. If the governor's salary was 1,500*l.* a year, at least as much and if possible twice as much must be made in "pickings;" for the average tenure of a post was little more than one year and a half. Two or three thousand pounds a year of pickings gathered by the governor is not in itself much, but look to what it leads. Every *employé*, down to the very lowest, was busy working out the same problem, and he could only solve it by conceding to the person who bribed him the favour to do something which he ought not, or which at least he had not a legal right to do. It was thus that justice was corrupted. It was thus that the subject was victimised, since he, in the end, paid for all the bribery and all the corruption, which had been going on

from the palace down to the coast-guard's hut.

A memorandum, which I wrote upon leaving Constantinople four years ago, may serve to illustrate the wastefulness of "bucksheish," and some of its characteristics in Turkey.

"Getting down to the custom-house we had to wait some minutes before a custom-house officer appeared to visit our baggage. On arrival, he pretended to visit one package, and then asked my dragoman for a *beshic* (about 10*d.*). No other package was opened, and the bucksheish was taken in the most open way. The dragoman had no small money upon him, but he gave the officer a five-franc piece which the latter changed, retaining his fee, and pocketing the difference. The business-like way in which this was done struck me. In Egypt there is a shadow of modesty assumed; the hand is put to the side next you while the eye looks elsewhere, and the bucksheish is taken in a manner which bespeaks a consciousness of there being something wrong in it. But here the proverbial honesty of the Turk is apparent. He honestly asks, and unblushingly takes, a fee for the non-discharge of his duty. On remarking this to the dragoman, he said, 'Pauvre diable! how could he live otherwise? he only gets forty francs a month, and cannot live on the half of it.' The fee paid, and the baggage deposited in the boat, I thought we were now free; but no; we had to wait for a custom-house man who was to accompany us to the steamer. This man came, bringing with him a 'Teskireh,' for which one piastre had to be paid to the treasury. It bore on its face the number of packages to be shipped. Round each steamer watched a custom-house guard in a boat. To this individual the 'Teskireh' was presented by the man who accompanied us. He tore it across that it might not serve again, retaining one half and giving the other to the old Turk in our boat, who returned with it on shore as evidence that his mission had been accomplished. To this latter the dragoman gave half a franc, but as he looked even more miserable than the functionary on shore, it seemed quite an alms. One would say that all this system had been devised to use the largest number possible of people, and bring in the smallest possible amount of revenue. My baggage yielded the Government one piastre (2*d.*), but to avoid inconvenience I had to bucksheish to the extent of one franc and a half (15*d.*)."

I do not suppose that the proportion of revenue to bucksheish is the same in all cases, but the almightiness of bucksheish renders all control impossible, and diminishes

by an enormous amount the proper yield of taxation. The insufficiency of the salaries paid to *employés* encourages corruption, and the wasteful expenditure which is conspicuous from the palace down to the lowest grade of the government service exhausts the treasury. It is not only that the salaries in Turkey are insufficient; in many cases even these insufficient salaries are not paid for months after they are due. This forces the *employé* into the hands of the usurer, and frequently thirty and forty per cent has to be paid to obtain an advance upon an overdue salary.

There is no remedy for this state of things except in financial reform; and our statesmen and our diplomats have not yet succeeded in any of their efforts after the regeneration of Turkey, simply because they have not begun by financial reform. It is very commonly said that Russian intrigues have always prevented the success of all reforms in Turkey. This is to some extent true, but these intrigues were successful only because our reforms did not take a practical and efficacious form. So far as to the past.

By the Anglo-Turkish convention, England is supposed to have obtained an effective protectorate over Turkey in Asia, and has acquired the power not only of counselling the Porte, but of seeing that her counsels are carried out. Great is the responsibility which has thus been assumed by England as a nation, and we must anxiously consider the counsel which we intend to proffer, and which, if need be, we must be resolute to enforce. So grave both for England and Turkey are the interests involved, that we read with misgiving the announcement, about the end of August last, of extensive projects of reform having been submitted to the Porte by Sir Austen Layard. Peace had not been restored to the Turkish empire; time had not been given for the mature reflection of many minds, and, above all, public opinion in England had

not been drawn forth upon the subject, when it was announced that the British ambassador had pledged the country to a scheme of reform for Turkey in Asia. It was some relief to find out that that scheme touched only three points: the establishment of a local gendarmerie, the creation of a court of appeal, some of the members of which were to be Europeans, and a revision of the system of taxation. The answer of Turkey was simple and effective. It was in substance—"To do what you want requires money, which we have not. Can you expect us to make bricks without straw?" In this ambassadorial scheme England again repeats the errors of the past. She would build a structure to please the eye without having prepared for it a solid foundation. Before talking of local gendarmerie and courts of appeal, make sure of the means of paying them properly. Before you revise your taxes sew up the holes in the purse which you expect to fill. Shortly afterwards the public was informed that this prematurely-born project of reform was only part of a scheme submitted by His Excellency Nubar Pasha to the Congress of Berlin for Armenia. Every utterance of that distinguished Egyptian minister commands the highest respect, especially upon a subject with which he is intimately acquainted. But we do him injustice by selecting parts of a scheme which he had only proposed as a whole, and especially when we leave out its most essential parts. We turn with pleasure, therefore, from the defective ambassadorial imitation article to the entire scheme of reform as it originally stood. Its leading principles are: First,—Fixity of tenure of office for the governors. Second,—Tribunals of justice composed of judges unconnected with the executive administration. Third,—The "*defterdar*," or commissioner of taxes, to be an Englishman responsible to the Porte, but recommended by the British Government. In this brief epitome we have left out details which specially concern

the peculiar circumstances of Armenia, because our subject is reform in Asia Minor generally, and not in Armenia in particular. As a whole the leading necessities of the situation are provided for in this scheme, but to leave out any one of its three leading principles is to render it absolutely ineffective. By the first and the third an enlightened executive and financial administration is secured, and by the second a fountain of justice, uninfluenced by administrative considerations would be created. There may be room for discussion as to the simplest and most effective means of attaining these great ends, and no one would more willingly encourage such discussion than Nubar Pasha. Thus the first end might be sufficiently assured by enacting that the nomination and revocation of governors in Asia Minor should only be made upon the recommendation of a Commission, composed of the Cabinet Ministers and the British ambassador, and that the nomination, subject only to the decision of that Commission, should be made for five years. This would raise the governor above palace intrigue while obviating the disadvantages of absolute fixity of tenure for a certain number of years, and it would secure the selection of the most competent men. Again, it might be expedient, and I think it would be absolutely necessary, that the principle of the third proposition should go much farther than merely having provincial commissioners of taxes. We must remember that His Excellency had only in view the organization of a province (Armenia); otherwise the statesman, who recently accepted the position of prime minister in Egypt *only* upon condition of having a European as his colleague for the portfolio of finance, would have counselled that financial order at the fountain-head should, in a similar way, be secured for Turkey. In such a necessity there need be no cause of offence to Turkish pride. When the Sultan desires to have the benefit of

advanced medical science, he names for his household a European as medical attendant; when he wishes to repair his ironclads, or cast his guns at Constantinople, he appoints a European over his dockyards, and another over his arsenal. When he has to establish his country's credit with European capitalists (without whose money he cannot hope to develop the resources of his country), why should he not call to his aid a European financier? Such a resolution would be heartily applauded both by the functionaries who would become assured of regularity in the payment of their salaries, and by the taxpayers, whose money, instead of being emptied as hitherto into a bottomless abyss of wasteful extravagance, would speedily restore the credit of the country, and thus bring to its aid the cheap capital of the west.

It is difficult to realise the full extent of the advantages which would result to the country and the treasury from the institution of an intelligent and honest financial administration. We have referred to the disastrous consequences of the widespread corruption which pervades the whole Government service. But it must not be thought that the cost of this corruption falls only or even chiefly upon the subject. When the farmer of "dimes" in a province bribes the officials, it is frequently in order that the means may be afforded him of exacting more than is due from the peasants, but it is not less frequently that he may be enabled in some way to defraud the treasury. By bribing the representative of the tax-collector, the peasant protects his own interests as well as he can, but no one looks after the treasury except to victimise it. Look at the colossal sums annually gained by a large class of bankers and serafs, and extracted from an improvident treasury, living without foresight from day to day. Money must be had, and to obtain it assignments upon the provincial treasuries, called "*havales*," are sold at 20

or 30 per cent discount. The purchaser carries them to the province, where, to obtain payment, he plies the almighty "bucksheish." Thus the treasury is defrauded on the one hand of what ought to reach it, and on the other is subjected to the most usurious treatment as a just consequence of its improvidence. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that before the war an intelligent administrator might have easily increased the revenues of Turkey by three millions sterling annually, without the slightest augmentation in the rate of taxation; and he might have economised two millions by watchful foresight and intelligent combination.

Nor would the establishment of an effective financial administration present the great difficulties which might be supposed. Already a considerable body of statistics is at hand to guide both the departments of income and expenditure, and the existence of a national and European bank, with branches in the chief centres of population, is an incalculable facility to the working of all financial operations. Indeed in 1874 a very simple and efficacious plan was projected, whereby, through the national bank, the treasury would have immensely simplified its operations. Each ministry was to be accredited to the bank for the sums accorded to it in the budget, and the provincial treasuries were to be obliged to pay into the various branches of the bank all the revenues which they collected. No ministry could draw for sums other than those provided for in the budget, and it was the duty of the bank to see that the revenues from each source were duly encashed. Thus punctuality in payment would have been secured for all legitimate expenditure, and the control of the treasury over encashments would have been supplemented by that of an establishment pecuniarily interested in the results, and possessing local sources of information. With such assistance a European minister of finance would very soon obtain elaborate statistics of

the various items of revenue, whether great or small, and be able efficiently to study how to develop or improve them. The influence of the broad daylight of publicity brought to bear upon every department would rapidly correct every abuse and expose every error in the system of taxation or expenditure.

The second leading principle of Nubar Pasha's scheme exactly indicates the chief evil of the present administration of justice in Turkey.

"At the present moment," he says, "such justice as exists in Armenia is supplied by administrative councils which bear the name of *medjliss*, and whose members, whether tax-farmers or others, are connected either directly or indirectly with the business of law and legal procedure. In consequence, the code becomes in their hands a mere instrument of arbitrary exaction, applied under the semblance of legality to a population which is even more ignorant of the code in question than the judges by whom it is administered."

These remarks, although referring to Armenia, represent the condition of justice throughout Turkey; and there can be only one opinion of the necessity of removing the members of the executive administration from the tribunals of justice. It will be a work of time to substitute for the ignorant "*cadis*" of the present day intelligent interpreters of the law; but by a judicious infusion of able European legists into the courts of appeal, and the establishment of a good legal university, whose diplomas would be requisite for the position of a judge, the change might be surely, although gradually, accomplished.

I venture then to express the opinion that the three leading principles of Nubar Pasha's scheme contain the necessary elements of the reforms which we ought to urge upon Turkey; but I should change their order. It is of primary importance—and without it all other effort is vain—that the finances of the country should be put upon a sound and intelligent basis. To accomplish this two things are essential: First, that the treasury be delivered from the

power of the palace ; and, second, that a competent and experienced European should be named Minister of Finance. The present Sultan is not supposed to have been guilty of the wild personal extravagance of his predecessors ; and there is good reason to believe that he would be disposed to take the initiative both in a reasonable reduction of the civil list, and in abdicating all power over the public treasury. Such an act would raise the Sultan in the opinion of all ; but it would be folly to conceal from His Imperial Majesty that England must insist upon its counsel in this respect being followed. If the British Government is not prepared to go so far, it had better give up all further effort, and abandon all hope of reform in Turkey. Lord Beaconsfield told the citizens of London that, in the opinion of a very competent authority (no other than the statesman whose scheme of reform we have been considering), all that Turkey wanted was a proper administration of justice. I make bold to reply that we cannot hope to have such justice until we have first established financial order. What is the use of my telling a sick friend that all he wants is to spend a month at the sea-coast, if I do not give him or get him the means of going there ? If we wish to get justice into Turkey, we must deliver its functionaries from the imperious necessity of being corrupt. In a letter from Alexandria, which recently appeared in the *Times*, we read of Nubar Pasha's "craze for justice" spoken of by one who knows him well. It is impossible to pay a higher compliment to any man ; but without in the least disparaging the value of the courts of justice which His Excellency was the means of establishing five years ago, I venture to say that had financial reform been *then* accomplished in Egypt, as there is now a faint hope that it may be, that country would have been saved the recent ruinous crisis through which it has had to pass ; and, instead of hanging upon the verge of bankruptcy, would have to-day been in a position

of prosperity equal to any, and superior to most, of the countries of Europe.

Building thus upon the basis of financial order, delivering the governors of provinces from capricious removal, and creating in each of the vilayets a court of appeal, whose members would be named in the same way as the governors, some of them being European lawyers of standing in their own countries, we may hope to accomplish satisfactory reform in Turkey, and to see the fruits of good government gradually developing. But, it may be asked, is financial order possible ? Turkey, shortly before the war, declared herself bankrupt, and has not since proposed any composition to her creditors. She is an estate to be liquidated for their benefit, and the financial position is so far clear that all her previous engagements have been virtually cancelled. The only hope of her creditors is in the establishment of such a financial administration as may restore prosperity to the country and secure a surplus which may be available, after the payment of the necessary expenditure, for distribution amongst them.

The expenditure, exclusive of interest upon the National Debt, was fixed for the year 1875 at 12,781,682*l*. The income for the same year was estimated to be 21,711,764*l*. But since that time there have been important changes, and as the consequence of the war the national income has been considerably diminished. The revenues of Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Bosnia, and the tributes hitherto paid by Roumania and Servia, will no longer be received by the Porte. These changes will cause the following reductions :—

Bulgaria	£2,026,000
Roumelia	1,387,900
Bosnia	500,000
Roumania	36,000
Servia	21,000
	<hr/>
	£3,970,900

In round numbers the deduction from income will therefore be 4,000,000*l*.; but a part of this loss

will be recovered, first, from the diminution of expenditure; and second, from a tribute to be paid by Bulgaria, and a contribution to the Imperial Treasury by Roumelia. These items may safely be estimated at 1,500,000*l.* The recent territorial changes will thus result in a net loss to the Treasury of 2,500,000*l.*, and reduce its income to 19,200,000*l.* Reductions must of course be made in the Civil List, which is at least 500,000*l.* more than it ought to be; but such a reduction will probably be required to compensate for other items of expenditure insufficiently provided for. The balance which would thus appear available for distribution among the creditors of the State amounts in round numbers, to 6,500,000*l.*, and with that sum they will require to be content until a wise and economical financial administration has been able to increase it.

At least one thing is evident. The income is amply sufficient for the necessary expenditure of the administration, and there ought to be no difficulty in providing for that expenditure both punctually and liberally.

But the first necessity is that peace should be restored to the empire. Until that is done the reign of disorder will continue, and any attempt to reform is "love's labour lost." Such peace cannot be hoped for until the Greek question is settled. If the British Government is not prepared to insist upon the recommendations of the Treaty of Berlin in regard to Greece being literally carried out by Turkey no peace for the East is possible. In that case it would be better for England at once to espouse, not from love but in her own interest, the cause of Greece, and leaving the Sultan and the present dominant race in Turkey to eat the deadly fruits of their own misdeeds, endeavour to prepare the Greek race as rapidly as possible to occupy the place of the Turks which must very soon become vacant. The crisis is most serious, and England must not deceive herself. The

key to the future situation is to be found in the Greek question. Are we prepared to force the will of Europe upon Turkey? If we are, then there is hope of instituting reforms in the Government of the Porte. If we are not, one of two things will shortly be forced upon us—either we shall have to annex Asiatic Turkey, or to espouse with heart and purse the cause of Greece. When the time comes to choose between these two eventualities I would unhesitatingly declare for the second. Extensive annexation would array against us the jealousies of Europe and in the government of Asia we would undertake a task of extreme difficulty without any adequate national profit. But in advancing Greece no European jealousies would be awakened, and we would ally ourselves with a race which, however defective in some moral respects, is unquestionably full of vitality, and distinguished above all others by its commercial instincts.

It is urgently necessary that a strong public opinion should be formed in England upon this subject. Stupendous consequences for the future are involved in it, and the decision ought not to be left to the chance of ambassadorial proclivities or the individual judgments of ministers. The nation which will have to bear the consequences must be aroused clearly and distinctly to express its will. Let us reflect with calmness upon the situation, and, while there is yet time, let us decide upon the principles which are to guide our statesmen in their future action with regard to Turkey. Foolish consideration for the sanctity of the Calif or the susceptibilities of the ruling caste of Pashas must be set aside. The day of soft words must be declared past. To the Sultan as well as to the Pashas the plain truth, however unpalatable, must be spoken, for the world can no longer tolerate the reign of incapacity and corruption.

Our policy towards Turkey must be decided; but it must not be executed with precipitation. This is not the moment effectively to propose our

reforms for Asia Minor. Let us take time to consider them maturely. The longer we delay, the greater will be the straits in which the Government of the Sultan finds itself. Although England may to some extent be interested in the maintenance of the Sultan's power, she is far more interested in the prosperity of the Turkish Empire; and our aim ought to be to lead the peoples of Turkey, Mohammedan as well as Christian, to look to England as their only hope for deliverance from oppression and misgovernment. The unceasing struggle which goes on at Constantinople to obtain our wishes by seeking the favour of the Sultan, or his ministers, is unworthy of a great nation. Equally undignified and useless are the efforts to secure, by pleadings or threats, some fragments of reform. Better far to leave the Porte for some time to its own devices, after intimating distinctly that we can be of no service to Turkey in the way of reform until peace is restored to the Empire. We have really nothing to fear from Russia by such temporary inaction

in regard to what concerns alone Turkish interests. The Czar may flatter the Sultan, but his flatteries will not prevent the continued depreciation of "Caimé," and the accumulation of elements which must inevitably produce civil revolution. Or Russia may take advantage of the position, and draw the knot a little tighter round her ally's neck. In both cases it is only from England that succour will be obtained; and the Porte will be greatly more tractable when it feels menaced either by its own subjects, or by its natural enemy. Englishmen can have no sympathy for an administration obstinately corrupt and incompetent. As long then as the Sultan's Government is such, let us, without pity, leave it alone. When neglected, it may perhaps discover that its only safety consists in setting aside all prejudices of race or faith, and in accepting with loyalty and gratitude the help and counsel which the Western powers alone can give. If not, the worst that can happen is that it commits suicide, and over its tomb no tears will be shed.

A WORD FOR AMIR SHERE ALI.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN has set forth seven questions on the subject of our present trouble with Shere Ali, the first of which is—

Whether the conduct pursued for some years past towards the Amir of Cabul has or has not been judicious?

I purpose to address myself to this question, for the answer to it will perhaps enable us to form an opinion on the course which we ought now to pursue with reference to our future dealings with Afghanistan.

Let us go back to the time when Shere Ali succeeded his father in 1863. At the time of Dost Mohamad's death, the relations between the British Government and the ruler of Cabul were decidedly of a friendly character. It is well known how, in the last Sikh war, Dost Mohamad sent a force down from the mountains to co-operate with Rajas Chutther Singh and Shere Singh, and how the Afghan troops took flight after the battle of Goojrat, and were pursued by the gallant Sir Walter Gilbert till they found refuge amongst their own hills. All communication was for a time entirely cut off between India and Cabul, till in 1856, chiefly owing to the far-seeing diplomacy of Sir Herbert Edwardes, a meeting was brought about between Sir John Lawrence and Dost Mohamad, and a friendship was struck up between the two Governments, on the distinct understanding that Dost Mohamad was to be left in his kingdom undisturbed by the presence of residents or envoys, or any such dry nurses. Great as the temptation was in 1857 to take advantage of the troubles caused by the mutiny of the Sepoy army in India, Dost Mohamad remained true to his pledges, and in no way attempted to wrest from our grasp the district of Peshawur, which he looked on as

belonging to Cabul by right. These friendly relations continued up to the time of Dost Mohamad's death, just after he had successfully besieged and taken the city of Herat.

Out of the numerous sons and grandsons who surrounded his death-bed, Dost Mohamad selected Shere Ali as his successor; and one of the first acts of the new Amir was to despatch a letter to the Viceroy of India announcing his succession, and asking for the favour of the British Government. This letter reached Simla when Lord Elgin was Governor-General. It was accompanied by a very able letter from Sir Herbert Edwardes, urging the Viceroy to take advantage of the opportunity to cement a friendship with the new Amir. Sir Herbert Edwardes recommended that a congratulatory mission should be sent with suitable presents to welcome Shere Ali as his father's successor, and to renew in his person all the friendly relations which had existed in the time of Dost Mohamad. As Sir Herbert very properly pointed out, the judicious expenditure of a few thousand pounds then would secure the friendly alliance of the Amir of Afghanistan, and would probably save the expenditure hereafter of millions.

Such was the advice of a statesman who knew Afghan politics, and how to deal with them. But not only was his advice rejected, but Shere Ali's letter was left unnoticed for upwards of six months. Meanwhile, events marched fast in Afghanistan, and in India the Vice-royalty had passed from Lord Elgin's into Lord Lawrence's hands. The fiery and ambitious sons and grandsons of Dost Mohamad, finding that the recognition of Shere Ali by the British

Government was withheld, began to ask why he should be preferred to any other of the family. A fratricidal war was speedily begun, and ere long there were two kings in Brentford, and Amir Shere Ali, holding one part of the kingdom, and Amir Azim Khan, who had possessed himself of another portion of the country, simultaneously addressed Lord Lawrence, asking him for recognition as ruler from the British Government.

Then Lord Lawrence thought it high time to acknowledge the first letter which had been lying so long in the Calcutta Foreign Office unnoticed. But instead of ratifying the decision of Dost Mohamad, and lending to Shere Ali all the weight of his moral support by a hearty recognition, even if he were not inclined to go farther, and offer material aid, Lord Lawrence chose the somewhat singular course of recognising *both* Amirs, and recommending them to settle their quarrels amongst themselves.

There are many who consider this a grand stroke of masterly inactivity; and if he looked at Afghanistan as a country wholly beyond our sphere of action, with which we were never to concern ourselves, perhaps this course of Lord Lawrence's might be approved. But from Shere Ali's standpoint, it is impossible to conceive anything more galling and unfriendly than our conduct up to this point. A polite letter announcing his accession had been left unanswered, the friendly nod of recognition which would have kept all his rivals from disputing his authority, was withheld; and when in his extremity he again appealed to the British Government, he was told that one rival had already been recognised, and for aught he knew every rebellious brother or nephew who managed to get possession of a bit of country, and call himself Amir, might on appealing to the British Government have equal recognition from Lord Lawrence.

Shere Ali may surely be excused if he entertained no very grateful or

friendly feelings towards the British Government at that time. There was much justice in his remarks when he subsequently met Lord Mayo at Umballa, and was congratulated on having got the mastery over all his enemies, that in all this he had nothing to thank the British Government for.

At that celebrated conference it was distinctly understood both by Shere Ali and Lord Mayo that neither did the Amir wish, nor the Viceroy ask, for a Resident to be located at Cabul, either then, or at any future time, or for any interference in the internal affairs of Afghanistan by the British Government. There was much debate in the Amir's private council on the subject, and the utmost extent to which he was prepared to go was to allow agents from the British Government to visit or be stationed at Herat, Balkh, and places beyond the Hindoo Koosh, and outside the province of Cabul proper.

Immediately following the Umballa Durbar came the negotiations at St. Petersburg regarding the frontier possessions of Shere Ali towards the Oxus. An admirable opportunity then presented itself to our Indian rulers for securing Shere Ali in his possessions, and binding him to us by feelings of gratitude, if gratitude can bind Afghans any more than other people.

Not only was the opportunity lost, but matters were so clumsily mismanaged, that it was from the Russians that Shere Ali first heard of our having exerted our influence on his behalf. Naturally enough he was not disinclined to look at the matter through the spectacles of the party who first brought it before him.

The next cause of grievance—of any magnitude at least—was the settlement of the Seistan boundary question.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits of that question now. Possibly the decision may have been perfectly equitable, even in its minuter details. But it was none the less galling to Shere Ali.

For years this Seistan country had

been debatable land between Afghanistan and Persia, and each side persistently claimed authority, as in all other boundary disputes. A commission was appointed from England to inquire and to settle the boundary line between the two countries. It was composed of well-known officers, who did their work with the conscientious impartiality of responsible Englishmen. But certain incidents in the proceedings gave mortal offence to Amir Shere Ali. In the first place, when he heard that this English commission was coming from Persia to Seistan he naturally requested to be allowed to have his say. After much difficulty and hesitation it was arranged that Syad Noor Mohamad, the able prime minister who accompanied the Amir to Umballa, and subsequently met Sir Lewis Pelly in conference at Peshawur, where he died last year, should proceed with Sir R. Pollock to Sir F. Goldsmith's camp. Shere Ali's version of the affair, corroborated by others who were present, is that General Sir R. Pollock was not allowed to open his mouth, and Noor Mohamad found his remonstrances unheeded, and had to see villages inhabited by Afghans forcibly made over to Persian officers. Just at this time the Shah of Persia was being *fêted* in England, and orders were sent out—so it was said—to hasten the conclusion of the Seistan boundary question, so as to please his Majesty.

From that moment Shere Ali's wrath against England knew no bounds. "Call that arbitration!" said Syad Noor Mohamad, one day when talking on the subject at Simla in 1873; "why, there was no attempt to hear what my master had to say."

I know that I shall be told that the decision was perfectly equitable, and could not be avoided. But that does not tend to allay Shere Ali's ire, for which, from the way his representations were received and his agents were treated, he appears to have had very good ground. There might

be good reason for not allowing Sir R. Pollock to appear in Sir F. Goldsmith's camp as the open advocate of Amir Shere Ali, but that potentate may be excused for feeling dissatisfied that Sir R. Pollock, after travelling through Afghanistan in the avowed character of an arbitrator going to meet his associates in conference should subside into the position of a dummy.

Rightly or wrongly, this Seistan business gave Shere Ali irremediable offence, and has, I fear, alienated him for ever. An attempt was made to soothe him by the gift of arms and an offer of money. He took the arms in a sulky way, but refused the money. Just at this time too, in 1873, another incident increased his distrust of our government. The Russians had from time to time made sidling advances towards Cabul, and their hostile attack on Khiva caused all the Mohammedan chieftains in Asia to ask themselves and others, What next? Shere Ali, in spite of all the cold rebuffs he had met with from us, once more applied to the viceroy for advice how to act supposing Russia to press towards his boundary. Even then it was not too late for England to have repaired the mistakes which had been made, and by a little timely concession and show of practical friendship, to secure the hearty alliance of Shere Ali.

But he was told that as England and Russia were on terms of peace and friendship, it behoved Shere Ali to make terms with Russia. Can we complain after this, if he entertains a mission from the Czar favourably?

His next grievance is the perpetual demand for the admission of our officers as Residents or Permanent Envoys at Cabul. Unfortunately for us, the entrance of a political agent of the Indian Government into the capital of an independent chief is looked upon by those chiefs as synonymous with annexation. It may be all a mistake, and the presence of our political officers, especially the very clever men of the new school, may be

an unmixed benefit to the native chiefs *si sua bona norint*. But the native chieftain dreads nothing so much as a request from the British Government for the admission of a political officer into the capital of his State. A former Maharaja of Puttiala, on his death-bed, sent a message to the then young ruler of Cashmere, on no account to admit a Resident from the British Government, and this feeling is shared by all rajahs and rulers in India.

It is notorious that not only would Shere Ali never admit a resident envoy, but, as Syad Noor Mohamad very forcibly remarked, no Afghan would rest till he had got the foreigner out of his country. It may suit Shere Ali's book to be friendly and hospitable for a time to a Russian embassy, but there is no more likelihood of its continuing there for any length of time than of our officers doing so.

There are many other grievances, real or fancied—such as our non-recognition of Abdulla Jan, the advance on Quettah, and our sending presents to the Mir of Wakhan, whom the Amir considers his vassal, but of whose existence Syad Noor Mohamad pleaded ignorance in 1873, and afterwards excused himself by saying his master's dominions were so extensive that it was impossible to remember the names of all the countries.

But without going into the question of the present Viceroy's policy in withdrawing our native agent, and so finally closing the door on ourselves, and of his mode of formulating this quarrel with Afghanistan, I think enough has been said to enable any one possessed of calm judgment to answer the first question raised by Sir J. Stephen, whether our conduct for some years past towards the Amir of Cabul has been judicious.

One word more: We have been somewhat startled of late by a series of telegrams from the *Times'* correspondent in India, laying bare not only the policy but the fears and forebodings of the Viceroy of India.

One ought not perhaps now-a-days to be too much surprised at any political revelations; but making every allowance, it must be acknowledged that if, as is commonly reported, these telegrams are officially inspired, they are perfect marvels of indiscretion.

Amongst other things, they tell us, what Lord Lytton appears to have taken no pains to conceal, that, in his opinion, all preceding Indian administrators who have dealt with the countries beyond our frontier were novices and blunderers, and that it has been reserved for him to give them lessons in diplomacy.

This has been said in almost as many words in the telegrams; and we know that Lord Lytton is freely credited with such sentiments. It was his idea that within a very short period after he began to manipulate Afghan politics, Amir Shere Ali would be at his feet. There were not wanting numbers of well-trained and experienced officers around him, who knew Cabul politics and Shere Ali personally, who could have told him the truth; but they were kept at arm's length, and were to be taught at a distance to admire the skill which was to bring the savage barbarian, as these inspired telegrams call Shere Ali, from a position of defiance to a posture of humility.

Possibly after a long and bloody war and at the cost of many millions Shere Ali may be reduced to submission, if he do not flee for refuge to the Russians. But will this not be carrying out on a grand scale the Chinese plan of burning down your house in order to roast your pig? Any of the preceding viceroys would probably have achieved the same result, had he been allowed, or had he cared, to plunge the country into war.

This is not the time to discuss the merits of the policies of different viceroys; but from the sweeping condemnation pronounced by Lord Lytton, through his inspired telegrams, he

surely might have exempted Lord Mayo? If ever there was a Viceroy who by his splendid physique, his calm dignity, his frank manner, his straightforward conduct and cool determination, sound judgment, and knowledge of human character, was fitted to be an ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, it was he. The personal influence he exercised over Amir Shere Ali was as powerful as it was remarkable; and had he been allowed one tithe of the liberty of action which has been accorded to Lord Lytton, I firmly believe that Shere Ali would have been bound to the British Government for life. Unfortunately the party then in power in England had shown a determined hostility to Lord Mayo personally; and as for Afghan politics, the Duke of Argyll, like Gallio, cared for none of these things.

Lord Lytton, on the other hand, has had everything in his favour. If India is to be governed by pomp and parade, and if the true way to manage the millions of Hindoostan be after the Roman fashion—giving *panem et circenses*, Lord Lytton has been encouraged to conquer the hearts of Her Majesty's Indian subjects by Delhi shows and showers of medals and ribbons. Afghan chiefs are made of sterner stuff. Had Lord Lytton been present at the Umballa Durbar, and heard the contemptuous epithets applied by Shere Ali's followers to some Indian chiefs, whose breasts glittered with gems and orders, he would probably have formed a juster

estimate of the character of the people he had to deal with, and would have learned that it required something more than a magician's wand to induce the ruler of Cabul to sign away the independence of his people by submitting, at the first call of even the most consummate master of diplomacy, to receive a permanent envoy at his capital.

It may be a hopeless task to stem the current of public opinion.

Delenda est Carthago is the fiat of Lord Lytton and that portion of the press which supports his views. The insults offered by Shere Ali are assumed to be such that nought but his humiliation and the subjection of his power to our supremacy will appease the British public. I venture to think that those of us who made his acquaintance and gained his friendship when he came to the Umballa Durbar in 1869 will adhere to the belief, that the best mode of meeting Russian aggression is not by putting our hands into a hornet's nest, and lament that Lord Mayo's plan of conciliating and controlling Shere Ali has not been allowed to have full scope.

In the inevitable war with Afghanistan the British arms will of course be victorious; but I venture to predict that our real troubles will only begin when we have Cabul at our feet.

T. DOUGLAS FORSYTH.

OCTOBER 21, 1878.

LETTER FROM CYPRUS.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has recently written to a correspondent in England a private letter, a few extracts from which we have been so fortunate as to intercept: —

"The fact is that everything is and has been going on admirably: it pleases the — and —, who write on that side of the question, to make out that Cyprus is a sort of earthly hell, whereas it is far from being so; and all those who have been loudest in abusing it will by and by confess their mistake, and pronounce it, as the Mediterranean stations go, by no means a bad one, if not, as I believe it to be, the best of any of them. There has been a great deal of light fever: we have lost a few men from fever, and we still have a little slight fever amongst us; but even as regards health I feel certain that, when the men are well lodged in good barracks in well-selected positions, the troops will be healthier here than the garrison of Malta. . . .

"Our climate now is simply delightful, and I personally feel as well as if I were in England. Of course I don't want to make out that we have had a good time of it; far from that. I am quite prepared to admit, now that it is over, that from the date of our landing, until about ten days or a fortnight

ago, the climate was simply detestable; but then we were exposed to it in a manner that it is to be hoped we may never again have to encounter. To live in bell-tents, with the thermometer in a hospital marquee at 113° Fahr., is almost impossible to any animal except a salamander. . . . But soldiers were not intended to be employed only in the garden of Eden. We must take the rough with the smooth, and when we find ourselves in a bad corner, why, our good breeding and soldier-like feeling should make us grin and bear the discomfort which Kismet has thrown in our way, even although the discomfort be accompanied with danger arising from local maladies. Why, what stuff men talk of death or disease, when any day in London more creatures may be killed in a ferry steamboat than in a general action. . . . However, suffice it to say that Cyprus is going to be a great success; I shall have a surplus this year, after what I have spent on roads, and paying the Turks in full for the surplus revenue they are entitled to under the annexe to the convention of the 4th June last. Next year I hope to embark upon some more important public works. Laugh at any one who tells you Cyprus is not going to be a complete success."